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What's Happening To Free Speech?

Nathan Lewin

Awaiting Judgment—*John Osborne*

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Kissinger under Fire

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TRB

from Washington ®
July 27, 1974

Witness to History

The big green-carpeted, windowless room with its 40-foot ceiling slowly swelters. Beating down on the House Judiciary Committee are 12 hot TV lights behind, and 20 more in front. If they look up it is like looking into the sun. They fidget in two banks on the raised dais, the 17 Republicans on the right (as the absorbed nation watches them), the 21 Democrats on the left. For the second time in history Congress is considering impeachment charges against a President and some of them may hear the sonorous voice of History. But as the TV lights begin to bore in they feel like sausages sizzling in a restaurant window.

In the center of the upper tier sits chairman Peter Rodino, an anxious little man, with the American flag over his right shoulder. He is the modest New Jersey politician and unpublished poet, whom History has produced for this spectacle. History loves its tricks. His father was an immigrant. He has been dealing with men whose names boast family pride: L. Patrick Gray, 3rd, John W. Dean, 3rd, Alfred C. Baldwin, 3rd, and the new Republican counsel, Samuel A. Garrison, 3rd. Now Mr. Rodino after seven weeks of closed hearings has got over his nervousness; he is first among the 3rds.

There has been an electrifying change of mood here in the past week. Thank God, at last things are beginning to happen. The nation had lapsed into sullen frustration. It was red hot when Archie Cox was fired. Why didn't Congress do something? There were the devastating Ervin committee revelations. But, after that, a numbed boredom and despair settled in.

Suddenly after seven weeks of closed hearings, the latent Rodino committee began to rumble and erupt Vesuvius-loads of accumulated testimony, culminating in specific articles of impeachment from the staff and one of the most devastating documents, I believe, that has been issued in Washington in the century, special counsel John M. Doar's comprehensive "summary of the impeachment inquiry."

Who thought there was lava in this man, plodding, pedestrian Doar who for disciplined weeks marshaled his arguments in a consciously flat, unemotional monotone that put congressmen to sleep? Then, suddenly, it came time to present the staff summary, putting the mosaic together and interpreting what it meant. It is not eloquent, there is hardly an adjective in it; it is factual—and it is simply damning.

Dour Doar piles on evidence. How can anyone any longer say that Mr. Nixon was too busy with global matters to manage his 1972 election? He ran the show; he ran everything, if not in person then by proxy through Haldeman who was not a decisionmaker but an implementer, an extension of Mr. Nixon himself. The President, who believes "everybody bugs everybody else," set his authoritarian administration in motion, implemented his political intelligence plan, was no "dupe" of subordinates but set the tone and helped compose PR scenarios. On his proposed $576,000 tax abatements, he and his attorney, Frank DeMarco, "went over the return page by page and discussed the tax consequences. . . ."

I have read most of the stuff before but was not prepared for the shock I got when I saw it all woven together, end-to-end, as a whole like wall-to-wall carpeting. Doar's trick is to set down what Mr. Nixon told the country and then follow it quietly with what he actually knew at the time, to the contrary, from other evidence. Or again, how he deceived Henry Petersen of the Justice Department—preparing cases for the grand jury: "Of course, as you know, anything you tell me will not be passed on because I know the rules of the grand jury." One minute after Petersen left, at 3:49 pm, April 17, 1973, "the President met with Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Ziegler . . . [and] relayed the information."

The San Clemente reaction to all this is about what you would expect. Counsellor Dean Burch calls the committee "a black spot on jurisprudence." Little Sir Echo Ziegler is reminded of "a kangaroo court" and "a partisan lynch mob." A more professional reply comes from James St. Clair, standing in toothy misery under the scorching TV lights, but even he, at the time, anyway, isn't able to say whether the President will obey an adverse Supreme Court decision. Now there is one, 8-0.

There is a feeling here that the President's lawyers have done a poor job, and that the case is now headed shortly for the Senate. The lawyers, perhaps, have done their best with what is essentially a weak or difficult case. It was probably Mr. Nixon himself who forced St. Clair to offer the Rodino committee a snippet from a tape the whole of which he wouldn't let the members have. It was the kind of last-minute arrogance that alienated even Republicans. Evidence against Mr. Nixon led a grand jury to cite him as an unindicted co-conspirator. Again the supposed spokesman of the minority, suave, bow-tied, Albert Jenner, a crack Chicago trial lawyer and assistant counsel, completely endorsed the devastating Doar summary.

Committee Republicans hastily promoted young Sam Garrison, 3rd, to be new minority counsel in Jenner's place. Probably Garrison didn't have much time to prepare his counterargument, but he came up with the remarkable proposal that even if the committee finds the President guilty of impeachable conduct it should consider whether it ought to do anything about it in the best interest of the nation. That was too much for St. Clair, and he promptly disassociated himself with the argument. The "out" he offers the agonized Republicans, facing their moment of truth, is that you have to find Mr. Nixon guilty of a narrow, specific crime and lacking that, you should ignore an extended pattern of general unworthiness.

We have no desire to be cruel to Mr. Nixon. (We only wish, like nearly everyone else we talk to, that he would just go away.) What seems to us at stake is whether the impeachment mechanism in the Constitution means anything. Is it real or make-believe? No other democracy would let Mr. Nixon stay, we think, on the basis of the record. If impeachment doesn't operate now, it probably never will operate. We still guess the Senate won't get a two-thirds vote, though we are less confident than before. If impeachment doesn't work, then we should find some other mechanism.

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Kissinger Under Fire

"What in the name of God is strategic superiority? What is the significance of it? What do you do with it?" That passionate outburst by Secretary of State Kissinger at the end of the Moscow summit early last month was directed against those in Washington, notably Defense Secretary Schlesinger and Sen. Jackson, who have been relentlessly insisting that the US must lead the Soviet Union in the deployment of nuclear weapons. The Secretary is plainly worried, rightly so, by the ominous but real prospect of an accelerating and needless arms race that will plague not merely this transitional administration, but the next one and the one after that. He is convinced now is the time to slow down, that if we wait it may be too late, and before returning home, he pledged that he would initiate a national debate on strategic choices. We wish him well. But if he does take on the American military establishment and its foremost congressional spokesman, Kissinger may bite off more than he can chew. It is at least doubtful that he can even depend upon firm support by the President, whose bid for votes in his fight against impeachment may make him hostage to the military hard-liners. That dependency is something the Secretary can no more control than he can the strategic decisions of the Russians, who also know with whom Mr. Nixon must negotiate at home and why.

The Secretary is eloquent when he warns of what we are letting ourselves in for unless a solid arms agreement with the Soviet Union is soon reached. However, his task would have been eased if he'd spoken earlier. Consider his initial, permissive attitude toward multiple independently targeted reentry vehicles (MIRVs). These weapons were conceived on the theory that a larger number of warheads per missile would make it easier to penetrate a Soviet anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system then thought to be under consideration by Moscow. In late 1970, when it became apparent that the Russians might limit their ABM structure or even abandon it, a group of present and past presidential advisers including John McCloy, Dean Rusk and Cyrus Vance suggested that the MIRV be abandoned, lest it raise weapons development to a more costly and dangerous level to the disadvantage of both sides. Perhaps Kissinger did not feel at the time that he could engage the proponents of MIRV in budgetary debates over weapons systems; at any rate, he went along with the Pentagon. MIRVs, manufactured at the rate of three a day, are now being added to the more than 7500 warheads already in the US arsenal. Nor did

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Kissinger object to the Trident submarine, 10 of which are being built at one billion dollars each, or to the $15 billion program to construct an armada of 244 B-1 bombers. Forces have thus been put into play which are extremely difficult to reverse. In addition, and whatever his present squabble with the Secretary of Defense, Kissinger was silent in January when Schlesinger unveiled his so-called "flexible doctrine," which calls for a more diverse array of weapons and targeting procedures, capable of executing "a wide range of options in response to potential actions by the enemy." In the opinion of Herbert Scoville and other experts, this deceptively attractive alternative to "massive retaliation" increases the chances of nuclear war by seeming to make it safer to wage. If Kissinger is now so alarmed that he intends to go to the mat and wrestle with the advocates of "flexible response," he will have many sympathizers, but also very powerful opposition.

When he accompanied the President to Moscow in July, Kissinger did seek an accord on the limitation of MIRVs, which had not figured in the interim arms agreement signed in 1972. Unless this "conceptual breakthrough" was achieved, he realized, there was scant hope of putting a lid on a military build-up. Soviet insistence on catching up with the US in MIRVs would prompt Pentagon technicians to perfect even deadlier weapons such as the maneuverable reentry vehicle (MARV) now in blueprint, and the momentum of technology would soon overtake any hopes of restraint through diplomacy. In Kissinger's word, we had to "cap" the geyser quickly. But Leonid Brezhnev was under pressure from his own marshals to match US technology and could not concede to a settlement that left the Soviet Union in what he regarded as an inferior position. At the same time, the specter of impeachment made it hazardous for the President to enter into a deal that might be denounced by the right wing on Capitol Hill. The only agreement of note reached in Moscow, on subterranean testing, was therefore negligible at best, and at worst one that heightens the risks of a global nuclear conflagration.

The 1963 nuclear test ban treaty, ratified by the US, the Soviet Union and more than 100 other countries, outlawed nuclear testing everywhere but underground. The Russians had repeatedly called for a total ban, possibly because they calculated that an absolute prohibition would drive a wedge between the US and the Chinese, who along with the French refuse to accept any limitations on testing. Kissinger has opposed a total ban precisely because he wishes to minimize US differences with China, and he has been supported in this position by Pentagon specialists who automatically suspect any restraints on weapons accumulation. The result in Moscow last month was an administration "victory" but a loss nonetheless. In the first place, the treaty negotiated there does not come into effect for 21 months, during which time all sorts of weapons can be developed. Thereafter, tests up to 150 kilotons of explosive power are permitted, which means the treaty imposes no real curbs on current arms technology. Some arms control experts submit that the diluted agreement will encourage the spread of nuclear weapons, that smaller nations will not be deterred from imitating the behavior of the superpowers. Officials of the US Arms Control and Disarmament Agency estimate that 24 nations may have nuclear weapons within the next 10 years unless technical and political barriers to proliferation are strengthened. According to these officials Japan, West Germany, Argentina, Brazil, Pakistan and South Korea could build atomic arsenals any time they choose.

Viewing the likelihood of a galloping arms race within the near future, MIT Professor George Rathjens has put forth the startling thesis that the rush to develop and improve advanced weapons might be restrained by *halting* arms control negotiations, for, he says, the negotiations simply increase incentives to acquire new arms as bargaining chips. Rathjens contends that the US ought to pause long enough to shape a unified policy on the limitation of weapons before continuing to talk to the Soviet Union on the subject. In this, he is not far from Kissinger, in that both seek a strategic debate, out of which a consensus might emerge on a weapons policy to avert Armageddon.

We hope Kissinger gets the discussion he wants, and that he takes an aggressive part in defining the terms of the debate. Yet it must be said that the issue of arms control in the present atmosphere will turn less on who needs what weapons and when and why, than on who needs Richard Nixon in the White House and whom he needs to stay there. A Secretary of State may be more popular or more intelligent than a President, but he cannot function effectively as an agent of change in an administration on the verge of collapse. Kissinger's high hope that he can rise above the ruins and lead the country toward greater restraint in expenditures for new weapons is probably illusory. The internal conflicts over the arms budget are in a sense peripheral; the central struggle is over who can fill the vacuum created by a paraplegic President, to use Stewart Alsop's phrase. The President needs Kissinger, but not as much as he may need many of the critics of the Secretary's new-found cause of arms limitation. That is why the Secretary may find it prudent to postpone his Great Debate, hoping, like the rest of us, that the impeachment process is mercifully rapid, and that a less beleaguered administration can in future concentrate on the meaning of Kissinger's basic question about "strategic superiority." The Secretary won't be twiddling his thumbs meanwhile. He will have continuing discussions with Arabs and Israelis. He is planning fresh talks in China, where the internal political balance is shaky. He must renegotiate the status of US bases in Spain and Portugal. And he must deal with a whole new power equation in Greece and Cyprus.

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Arrest Records

The Federal Bureau of Investigation's criminal files contain the names of thousands of citizens who have been arrested, but the records do not say whether the arrestees were found innocent, guilty or released without being charged with a crime—and nearly 60 percent of all those arrested in 1969 were not found guilty by the courts. The fingerprints of 20 million people are available on request to 3750 local police departments, 1420 sheriff's offices and 390 federally insured banks. Once the FBI furnishes its data to local agencies, it disavows responsibility. The information often ends up in the hands of private businesses, insurance companies, reporters and other unauthorized persons.

In the summer of 1965 Dale Menard, a 19-year-old college student, dozed off on a Los Angeles park bench after midnight. The police, finding a wallet nearby, arrested him on "suspicion," detained him for two days, then released him without charge—a "detention," not an arrest, under California law. The Los Angeles police nevertheless routinely forwarded his "arrest" record to the FBI. Unable to get the FBI to expunge the record, Menard sued, and last April the District of Columbia Court of Appeals ruled that the FBI must remove Menard's record from its criminal files, holding that the FBI cannot claim to be "a mere passive recipient of records received from others" and that "an arrest record often proves to be a substantial barrier to employment."

The FBI has files on thousands of cases similar to Menard's, and there are 1.2 billion personal records in the 850 other federally operated data banks. Computerization is making these records instantly available to a growing number of people. The FBI insists it hasn't the resources or the obligation to check out each arrest record it receives. But Ralph J. Temple, the American Civil Liberties Union lawyer who defended Menard, says that "if it's too much trouble to find out if the guy was acquitted, then the FBI shouldn't keep and disseminate the arrest record." He suggests the FBI place all initial arrest records in a separate file pending a follow-up account, advice rejected by the FBI as "not feasible."

The appeals court in its Menard decision called attention to a statute requiring the FBI to cancel the exchange privileges of local agencies that provide records to unauthorized users. The FBI has suspended the borrowing privileges of local police only six times since 1924. It investigates local abuses only when a complaint is filed, and "very few if any" complaints are received. "The complaint system is meaningless because the victim is unlikely to learn that his file has been abused," Temple argues.

Sen. Sam Ervin's subcommittee is now considering whether federal data banks should be limited to distributing only conviction records to non-law enforcement agencies and supplying acquittal records to the police only if they have rearrested the subject, or if his first prosecution is still pending. The Ervin bill would require every data-gathering agency to keep its records up to date, mandate random audits of federal and state criminal files, and grant every citizen the right to inspect his file and correct inaccuracies. The proposed bill would also oblige any agency using an arrest record to verify its accuracy and completeness and make such verification automatic with computerized systems. It would clamp down on "promiscuous dissemination" by holding the distributing agency responsible if its data reaches the wrong hands.

The administration has a counterproposal that is more limited. It would allow non-conviction records to be circulated but the outcome of the case would have to be listed. Ervin's bill would set up a federal-state board to enforce its provisions; the administration bill leaves enforcement to the Attorney General.

Wiretap Happy

The bad company he kept in the White House among fixers, snoopers, perjurers and cover-up artists was enough to cast suspicion on Henry Kissinger for whatever part he played in the 17 so-called national security FBI wiretaps of 1969-1971. Kissinger did mislead the Senate Foreign Relations Committee when questioned about his participation, but House Judiciary Committee testimony and documents now show it was the President and H. R. Haldeman who were primarily responsible for the wiretapping, using national security as a pretext to check on loyalty to the administration—not to the United States—and to collect political intelligence.

Morton Halperin, a Kissinger staff man on the National Security Council, was one of the first four whose home telephones were tapped. He had been employed by the Johnson administration and was suspected of leaking information to a newsman. He resigned his NSC job in September 1969, yet the tap, which had been installed May 12 of that year, remained on his phone until February 10, 1971. From the NSC, Halperin went to the Brookings Institution and thereafter worked for Democratic politicians, ending up as an adviser on foreign affairs to Sen. Muskie, then seeking the presidential nomination. In May 1970 Halperin had protested the invasion of Cambodia.

A total of 27 summaries of the surveillance of Halperin's phone were sent to the White House over a period of 23 months. Kissinger's office received two—one in May when the tap began, another in October 1969, after Halperin's resignation. Eleven reports were addressed to the President, the last on May 11, 1970. Starting on May 14, 1970, 16 reports on Halperin were sent to Haldeman. According to the House com-

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mittee summary, a number of these dealt with "activities of potential Democratic candidates as those activities were mentioned to [Halperin] and the activities of a Democratic candidate for the presidency by whom [Halperin] was employed in the latter part of the time covered by the wiretap."

The Halperin tap was not the only one through which the doings of Democratic candidates were monitored. On May 13, 1970 a tap was placed on the phone of Anthony Lake, Kissinger's personal assistant at the NSC. At the end of June Lake quit his job, having also objected to the Cambodian invasion the preceding month. In Senate testimony Mr. Kissinger explained the Lake tap by saying: "We had a potential security problem here in the sense that a man had resigned in strong opposition to the President's policy but still continued on the staff in a sensitive position and, moreover, still had all the files." Kissinger denied initiating the Lake tap. FBI records say he did. At any rate all 28 reports from the Lake tap went to Haldeman. The House report hints why the tap was continued long after he left the government: the monitored calls suggested "[Lake] and others could secure employment with Democratic politicians." Lake did go to work for Muskie, and subsequently, according to the House summary, "activities of certain potential Democratic candidates for national office by whom [Lake] was then employed" were reported to Haldeman.

Henry Brandon, Washington correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*, was added to the list on May 29, 1969 at the direction of the President. Brandon was a friend of Kissinger, a respected journalist, a much sought after dinner guest. A memo from J. Edgar Hoover requesting the tap noted that Brandon "recently has been telephonically in contact with [Halperin]." Brandon at the time was finishing a book on the Vietnam war (Halperin had been helpful) and was about to start on another dealing with Kissinger. The Brandon tap lasted longer than any save Halperin's —22 months. Thirty-two FBI reports were sent to the White House, only four of them addressed to Kissinger. The President was sent 12, Haldeman 16, all of them after May 14, 1970. The calls monitored were to officials and individuals of high rank, but since Brandon led an active social life, they also contained information "on the personal life of [Brandon] and others and on the activities both personal and political of persons in Congress." One FBI summary notes that in July 1969, Brandon "read a quotation to an unknown individual which he appeared to have gotten from someone in the White House. It read, 'The President is weak. He has difficulty saying no . . . With a man like this, Henry Kissinger, of course, has great influence. . . .'"

On August 4, according to a Hoover memo, the President requested a tap on the phone of William Safire, then one of his White House speechwriters. "Recently," a Hoover memo states, "[Safire] was in contact with [Brandon] . . . [Safire] agreed to advise [Brandon] in advance of the contents of a speech to be made in the future by the President."

The case of John Sears illustrates how far this wiretapping was removed from an alleged national security justification. Sears had been an early Nixon campaign aide, was rewarded with a White House position but found the Haldeman-Ehrlichman atmosphere uncongenial. By July 1969 he was looking for another job and it was understood he would soon be leaving. On the 22nd of that month, according to a memo from Assistant FBI Director Cartha DeLoach, Attorney General John Mitchell ordered "a 24-hour surveillance and a tap placed on [Sears]." Mitchell supposedly said Sears was involved in news leaks, that the President "wanted 'to set [Sears] up' and planned to send material from Guam . . . which [Sears] would definitely see." The tap and physical surveillance, using 10 FBI agents, ran for two months. Fourteen reports went to Sears' boss at the White House, John Ehrlichman. No leak was uncovered, but the summaries detailed "the personal and social activities of Mr. [Sears] and Mr. [Sears'] contacts and attempted contacts with political officials and journalists." The surveillance was dropped only after Hoover wrote Mitchell that the reports had nothing to do with leaks and were a costly operation.

One final tap shows what the program had become. On December 14, 1970 Haldeman ordered a tap on the phone of James McClane, a new employee at the White House who dealt in domestic economic, rather than national security, matters. The Hoover memo reporting the request gives no reason for the surveillance. Two days after the tap was initiated, Haldeman's aide, Lawrence Higby, asked the bureau to report "only when pertinent activity occurred." Eight reports went to Haldeman during the next two months—dealing with McClane's personal plans and political assignments, including an indication of "dissatisfaction with his job and his prospects for other political employment."

What the record makes plain is that long before the Watergate break-in, the White House was wiretap happy, and that the snooping immediately preceding and following Watergate was no aberration.

High-Flying Fares

For the past five years Pan Am and TWA, the two US international carriers, have been floundering. Technological advances of the 1960s and dizzying expectations of global travel led to an overly optimistic expansion of airline fleets; they have been operating with excess capacity. The energy crisis has knocked them further off balance and the major international carriers have applied to the government for more than $330

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million in fuel subsidies. There is no reliable, publicly available audit of the airlines that would tell us just how bad off they are. If their survival is seriously threatened by the rapidly mounting fuel, labor and other elastic costs, then subsidies may be the answer, as they are elsewhere. Almost half of the major international carriers are wholly owned by their governments; a fourth of the airlines are partially owned by governments. In addition foreign governments subsidize their carriers indirectly through tax benefits, finance arrangements, and minimal navigation and licensing fees.

Congress has been told by TWA Chairman C. C. Tillinghast that fuel subsidies are essential. If US carriers are forced to quit the international market, he says, a $3.5 billion swing in the balance of payments from US to foreign accounts would put further pressure on the US dollar. The discontinuation of our international commercial air fleet would also weaken our national defense as well as employment at home. Mr. Tillinghast has not raised the possibility, nor did the debt-ridden railroads, that public ownership of international carriers is an alternative worth pondering.

The Department of Transportation and the White House are reluctant to subsidize airlines, since it might encourage their continuing to operate below capacity and with overscheduling on some routes, and discourage them from seeking the best price for fuel. Members of Congress also balk at subsidies, fearing that it would invite other corporations to hold out tin cups.

Secretary Brinegar of the Department of Transportation has his own "Action Plan": abandoning certain routes, reducing the traffic on others, encouraging Americans to use US flag carriers when they travel abroad, ending foreign discrimination against US carriers through such practices as excessive landing fees, and curtailing the Exim Bank's policy of special interest rates to foreign, and not US, international carriers. Basically the Secretary seems to believe that the airlines' troubles are transient. He has argued against the Pan Am, TWA and CAB position on setting minimum charter fares, for he thinks free competition between charter lines and the big operators may force Pan Am and TWA to tighten their seatbelts and function profitably.

What is not disputed is that airfares to Europe are going up—30 percent this year alone. But also this year, and for the first time since 1944, the number of Americans going to Europe has dropped. An already approved airfare hike that will go into effect in August is likely to repress travel further, though not necessarily revenues. An independent economic analysis of Pan Am and TWA indicates that with an anticipated increase in fuel costs of about $39 million in 1974 and expected revenues from higher fares through August at around $38 million, the condition of the airlines might not be as parlous as their representatives report.

Disclosures (1795)

In 1795 George Washington's Secretary of State and trusted aide, Edmund Randolph, was accused of accepting bribes from the French minister in America for information about the Jay Treaty. The incriminating evidence was included in a packet of letters sent by the minister, Jean Fauchet, to his home government; when the French ship was captured en route by a British frigate, the letters were intercepted and were eventually returned to America and to President Washington.

After signing the treaty and causing Randolph to do the same, though he alone of the cabinet still opposed it, Washington confronted Randolph with the evidence of the letters. While assuring the President and the cabinet that he could explain everything, Randolph nevertheless resigned his office that evening. In his efforts to redeem himself, Randolph then wrote to Washington that he planned to make public certain secret documents to support his defense.

Washington wrote in reply: "It is not difficult, from the tenor of that letter, to perceive what your objects are; but that you may have no cause to complain of the withholding any paper (however private and confidential) which you shall think necessary in a case of so serious a nature, I have directed that you should have the inspection of my letter of the 22d. of July agreeably to your request; and you are at full liberty to publish, without reserve, *any*, and *every* private and confidential letter I ever wrote you; nay more, every word I ever uttered to, or in your presence. . . ."

When Randolph pushed the matter still further, Washington wrote again: "Your letter of the 24th has been received. It is full of innuendoes; I shall therefore once more, and for the last time, repeat in the most unequivocal terms, that you are at full liberty to publish any thing that ever passed between us, written or oral, that you think will subserve your purposes. A conscious rectitude, and an invariable endeavor to promote the honor, welfare, and happiness of this country, by every means in the power of the Executive, and within the compass of my abilities, leaves no apprehension on my mind from any disclosure, whatsoever."

The Nixon Watch

Awaiting Judgment

San Clemente

During the President's flight from Washington to California on July 12, several happenings aboard the magnificent aircraft that is provided for his travels around the country and the world typified his situation and his latest stay in what we of the accompanying

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press continue to call, somewhat inaccurately, "his" San Clemente estate. Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler confirmed a report that a mortgage payment of $226,400 on the estate had been postponed for six months because the inescapable payment of hitherto evaded federal income taxes had stripped Mr. Nixon of ready cash. Ziegler also told reporters on the plane that the President had conferred in Washington that morning with his chief Watergate attorney, James St. Clair, about the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment inquiry. Without attributing the view to Mr. Nixon, Ziegler indicated an expectation that the committee would recommend impeachment, and that a majority of House members would vote against it. The chief of the White House staff, Gen. Alexander Haig, passed to the President the radioed news that a federal jury in Washington had found his sometime friend and senior assistant, John D. Ehrlichman, guilty of lying and of obstructing justice. Two of Mr. Nixon's economic advisers, Kenneth Rush and Roy Ash, spent two hours of the flight with the President in a discussion of inflation and the federal budget. They said afterward in San Clemente that he never once mentioned the Ehrlichman verdict.

The first 10 days of the California visit were days of waiting for House committee action and for a Supreme Court decision that the President is or is not legally and constitutionally obligated to give Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski tape recordings and all other existent records of 64 White House conversations that were presumed by Jaworski and Federal Judge John Sirica to be related to Watergate episodes and prosecutions. Much that occurred in public in these days suggested that the President and his spokesmen had succumbed to fright and panic. I am persuaded by what White House acquaintances had told me in Washington and went on telling me in San Clemente that the true explanations were more complex and interesting. According to these accounts the President continued to believe that the massive publication of Judiciary Committee evidence and staff analyses of the evidence would not cause the required majority of House members to approve and send to the Senate for trial and final decision the articles of impeachment that a majority of the Judiciary Committee seemed to be determined to submit to the whole House. In these accounts the evidence of what I was initially inclined to consider fright and panic was said to be properly attributable to a White House cast of mind that persists.

One of the President's daughters, Tricia Cox, perfectly expressed this cast of mind when a group of reporters asked her about the House committee's inquiry and she replied: "If the committee votes to impeach, it will just be a political move by people who just want to get Richard Nixon out of office. And I can't believe that after they hear and see the evidence someone [sic] will really go ahead and vote for impeachment. Innocence is innocence and my father is innocent . . . People out of power just don't want to see my father in office. But they won't get away with it. This is a country of justice." The inclination in the White House press corps, including its female contingent, is to dismiss remarks of this kind by Mrs. Cox and by her more aggressive sister, Julie Eisenhower, as the vaporings of understandably committed advocates. It's a mistaken inclination. In essence, setting aside meaningless differences in wordage and nuance, fundamentally identical convictions were expressed during the San Clemente stay by the redoubtable Gen. Haig; by the previously mentioned economic advisers, Kenneth Rush and Roy Ash; by Kenneth Cole, John Ehrlichman's successor as assistant for domestic affairs and director of the Domestic Council; by Dean Burch, a White House counsellor and extremely tough cookie who is organizing an all-out

"Greek Bearing Gifts"

In March 1973, when John Dean and John Mitchell were looking for cash to pay Watergate defendants, the name of Thomas Pappas, a millionaire oil man and big Nixon donor, came up. On March 20, 1973 Dean talked to White House aide John Ehrlichman about the immediate demand of Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt for $130,000. Ehrlichman suggested Dean call Mitchell, who was in New York. Dean did. During that conversation Dean said he asked Mitchell if he had talked to Pappas and Mitchell replied "Yes, I have." Dean said he then responded, "Is the Greek bearing gifts?" a code he had adopted because Martha Mitchell had by then picked up another extension and was listening. "Well," Dean reported Mitchell responded, "I want to call you tomorrow on that."

Early in his March 21 conversation with Dean, the President said, "You could get a million dollars. And you could get it in cash. I, I know where it could be gotten." A few moments later when Dean mentioned that either Fred LaRue or Mitchell "apparently talked to Pappas," the President responded, "I know." Dean then added, "And Pappas has, uh, agreed to come up with a sizable amount, I gather, from, from. . . ." The President then responded, "Yeah." This March 21 morning meeting with Mr. Nixon ran through 11:55 am, according to the White House records, with the President, Dean and Haldeman together at the end. Haldeman's office telephone memorandum sheet, however, records a call placed at 11:50 am from Haldeman to John Ehrlichman with the notation "re: Urik Oil Co." That call was placed about 10 minutes after a discussion of Pappas had taken place with the President. That oil company is associated with Pappas. Why were Haldeman and Ehrlichman talking about it that morning?

Walter Pincus

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White House campaign against impeachment in the House of Representatives; and by Raymond K. Price, Jr., a staff thinker and speechwriter who retains the respect of many journalists who have lost any respect that they may have had for Mr. Nixon. The neglected and weighty fact, weighty in the sense that it could importantly affect the outcome of the impeachment struggle, is that the President is surrounded and fortified by a corps of staff and familial devotees who are dedicated to belief in his basic innocence, and blessed or cursed, depending upon the observer's bias, with a seemingly unlimited capacity for rejecting the evidence that their man is in fact a shoddy and discredited caricature of the maligned leader that they suppose him to be.

The outrage that Mr. Nixon and the manifold betrayals of the public trust with which he stands charged arouse in many people is matched, to say the least, by the sense of outrage that the attacks upon him arouse among his immediate admirers and servitors. Much of the expression of this outrage in San Clemente, particularly by Press Secretary Ziegler and Counsellor Burch, was organized and orchestrated by the President's director of communications, Ken W. Clawson, Jr., a former newspaper reporter who is said to have impressed the President with his efforts to discredit evidence that cannot be convincingly disproved. The chief and current source of the evidence in question is the House Judiciary Committee, and Clawson's way of discrediting the evidence is to discredit the committee. Ziegler's suggestion at a White House briefing in San Clemente that the committee has let its chief counsel, John Doar, turn it into a "kangaroo court," and Burch's flat assertion at a press conference that Doar and his fellow attorneys on the committee staff have played the parts of "hired guns" were Clawson's contribution to the impeachment debate. They give him and his master, the President, no credit and it may be doubted that in the end they will do Mr. Nixon and his cause as much good as they are thought at the Western White House to have done. But taste and effectiveness apart, the outrage that such expressions reflect is profound, it is genuine.

On the 11th day of the President's July stay in California, Clawson presented James St. Clair not only to the attendant Nixon press corps, but to the nation over live television. Whether this turns out to be the public relations achievement that it was initially believed to be at the California White House is extremely doubtful at this writing. It is doubtful because, on the face of the St. Clair performance, it was based upon the faulty premise that the main interest of the questioners and the consequent thrust of the discussion would have to do with the concluding phase of the House Judiciary Committee inquiry. St. Clair justified his previous reluctance to appear on a comparable forum by saying that the committee proceedings had been in closed session, and his appearance now with the fact that the committee was about to go into public, televised sessions. Clawson first planned to precede the California press conference with release of excerpts from St. Clair's final summation of the President's case against impeachment at a closed committee session, then decided to release excerpts later. As it turned out, the reporters were more interested in the pending Supreme Court decision than Clawson and St. Clair seemed to have expected. St. Clair was asked five times whether the President would obey the decision regardless of whether it went for him or against him, and five times he refused to say whether the President would or wouldn't. Now the Supreme Court has unanimously decided he must surrender the tapes, and the President's response may be known before this is read. But there's an interesting and untold bit of history to be recalled.

On July 26 last year, when Watergate issues involving the President were first moving into litigation, Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren said at a White House press briefing: "Of course the President, just as in any other matter, would abide by a definitive decision of the highest court." At a San Clemente press conference on August 22, the President paraphrased Warren's reference to what Mr. Nixon called "a definitive order of the Supreme Court" and said, "that statement stands." The President didn't want to say then that he'd obey any Supreme Court decision or order, "definitive or not." For reasons that I've never been able to get a White House lawyer to explain, beyond suggesting that Supreme Court decisions in cases involving a President might or might not be mandatory and compulsory, Mr. Nixon wanted to leave the matter open in July of 1973 just as he was leaving it open in July of 1974. He was told in 1973 that some of the lawyers in his service—I don't know which ones—would resign if he didn't make at least a qualified pledge to obey the Supreme Court. The qualifying use of "definitive" resulted. Even the qualified pledge was soon abandoned. I don't know of any lawyers who resigned because of that.

John Osborne

What's in Store for the Bankers

Proxmire's Intentions

In November 1972 this journal quoted a Senate aide as saying "it'd be a reign of terror on Wall Street" if William Proxmire ever became chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs. That was a remote prospect at the time; chairman John Sparkman of Alabama had just won reelection in a surprisingly easy race and was content to continue

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running the committee in his competent, unspectacular way. Besides, who ever heard of a chairman under 60?

It now looks as if the bankers' nightmares are going to become waking reality this January. Sen. Fulbright's defeat leaves Sparkman as the senior Democrat on Foreign Relations, and Adlai Stevenson's running mate in 1952 would like nothing better than to cap his career as head of that prestigious panel. That would elevate consumer champion Proxmire, now second in line, to the chairmanship of Banking. The banking lobby was not unaware of this dire prospect. Its campaign-funding arm shoveled thousands of dollars into Fulbright's losing campaign to forestall just this eventuality, and following Fulbright's defeat, according to former Proxmire staffer Marty Lobel, the bankers "did everything but whistle Dixie" to convince their old friend Sparkman they never needed him so badly.

The bankers ought to take a closer look at the 58-year-old Wisconsin Democrat, whose hair transplant, jogging and health food habits have brought him more publicity than his economic expertise and dedicated homework. He's competitive, hard-working, and if there's a diverting side to his personality, no one has seen it. (He told his first wife, Elsie Rockefeller, to stop playing classical music—which she loved—because he might learn to like it and then he'd waste his time listening.) Although he promises to be a more aggressive chairman than Sparkman, he's no revolutionary. He shuns labels like "economic radical" and "populist." He insists he's devoted to the free-enterprise system, only he means free enterprise as it was before industrial giants started getting tax breaks, emergency bail-outs and other forms of government generosity. If he had to characterize his economic views, he'd call them "pragmatic and eclectic." Proxmire's pragmatism has meant advocacy of fair credit practices, opposition to defense budget excesses, support for low-cost housing financing. "He's impressed by economic analysis, not arm-twisting. Most of the lobbies come in and wave the flag, and Proxmire is turned off," Lobel says of his former boss.

Proxmire regards the Banking Committee chairmanship as a base for expanding his scrutiny of the banking, housing and consumer-credit industries. But he intends to assume the post on his "own terms." The terms include becoming head of the key housing subcommittee as well, a job Sparkman has had since it was set up in 1949. Proxmire thinks housing is "the guts of the committee," that federal programs have been "a great and tragic failure, which is in large part responsible for crime and our other urban problems." But Sparkman has a proprietary interest in that subcommittee, would like to keep it and just might decide not to move over to Foreign Relations at all if he has to give it up. How badly does he want it? He won't say publicly, but we'll know by January.

Assuming Sparkman does switch to Foreign Relations—still the most likely possibility—Proxmire will prove a lively successor, particularly in examining nominees for executive positions. "Unlike many of my colleagues, I believe the advise and consent function ought to be quite vigorous," he says. "The Senate should be a critic, particularly with regard to agencies like the Federal Reserve Board which are theoretically independent of the administration. It's very important to insist on genuine independence." He wants tougher, public cross-examination of nominees and an end to the gentlemanly private chats that are now often the only contact committee members have with prospective appointees.

Among Proxmire's top legislative priorities as chairman would be measures to cool off the expansion of consumer credit, now over $150 billion and growing. "There are millions of genuine tragedies," he says, "and many of them are people who perhaps shouldn't be borrowing in the first place." Hoping to induce banks and finance companies to stop lending so freely to poor risks, he's talking about curbing the harsh remedies still available to creditors if people default. This would put him in direct conflict with the lending institutions, which have been making a hard sell for more consumer business.

But as Proxmire and many congressional observers have noted, even a dedicated and aggressive chairman has limited power. Although progressives have a slight majority on the Banking Committee, its Republicans, usually led by conservatives Wallace Bennett of Utah and Bill Brock of Tennessee, are well organized and work closely with the financial institution lobbies. As chairman, Proxmire would be one of 15. It's interesting that Fulbright, who's as knowledgeable in foreign affairs as Proxmire is in banking, has never been able to swing his committee around to his "even-handed" approach to the Israeli-Arab conflict.

The fight over settlement cost reform, scheduled for Senate action as this is written, is indicative of how the Banking Committee might operate even with Proxmire as chairman. Settlement costs—the extra charges a buyer of real estate pays to close a deal—have become something of a national scandal. Proxmire wants the federal government either to put a tight ceiling on them or to make the lending institutions pay some of them. The real estate lobby, however, is backing a bill by Sen. Brock, which has some reform provisions but abolishes existing federal authority to regulate settlement charges. Proxmire's move in committee to delete this repeal of federal authority lost nine to three, with Cranston of California and Stevenson of Illinois joining the solid Republican front against him. As chairman, Proxmire might be able to swing a couple of votes his way, but he has no illusions that he can destroy the pro-industry coalition.

Proxmire is now vice chairman of the Joint Economic

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I even believe in educational technology, the technological object I most value being the book. I confess to arguing for educational "innovation," the one I most support being the teaching of reading and writing to undergraduates, as well as history, literature and philosophy. I have even argued that it is time for these innovations to be [illegible] out seriously in our schools in place of w[illegible]ever is going on in them now. But of course the teaching of reading and writing is not the teaching of "skills" but of the arts of life, and cannot be separated by methodology from the development of coherent views of things, cannot be abstracted into "composition," "communication," "self-expression" or "consciousness-raising."

I confess to believing that science also is not merely method but a mode of thought and that higher education will be liberal, or liberating, only when students become thoughtful about the ethical and metaphysical implications of science and find their scientific studies more closely integrated with consideration of philosophical issues. But it will not be an administrator who will lead them any more than it will be a little child or an adolescent insisting on control over his own life. The best an administrator can do is to encourage and urge the real intellectual leaders on a faculty to swell their ranks at every opportunity, to talk with each other, to enlarge the scope of their disciplines, not destroy those disciplines in the vague, sentimental murk that tends to pass for "interdisciplinary" and "innovative" curricula these days.

I confess to being bored nearly to death by the shrill claims made against the so-called "publish-or-perish" syndrome. A faculty of committed research scholars and creative artists is my idea of the most desirable academic community. I have yet to hear of a better way to see that an academic institution is intellectually alive than to assure that such activities go on, are supported, and help to create ideals of intellectual and artistic accomplishment. I confess to believing that an academic institution cannot be all things to all people and that some people do not belong in them. I doubt that we can tell who those people are merely by testing them. I fear my prolonged sojourn in administration may cause me to lose these views, not because they are naive but because it is easy to be swayed from intellectual commitments when one is fighting fires most of the day. Therefore I believe that an administrative career should be relatively short.

I have learned a few things that will make me chastened when I return to faculty status. As a faculty member I shall have to admit when I face the administration that some faculty are cowardly or self-centered or willing to make scapegoats of administrators and students (or all of the above), that some have advanced intellectually but have remained emotionally adolescent, that most faculty would soon tear their hair out if placed under the stress of an administrative post and forced to do what I do daily, that every faculty generates deadwood and proceeds to petrify it and protect it against the best interest of true scholarship, while blaming the administration for lack of standards, and that academic life, though creating a gentler beast on the whole, does not insure humanization of that beast.

As a somewhat restrained academic liberal I find myself acting rather like a right-wing Republican when the government increasingly imposes its deadening procedures upon me and my overworked office staff. I do not like the sorts of reports and mindless, stultifying categories imposed by the government in the name of accountability. I am acrimonious toward the spate of acronyms with which I daily must cope—WICHE, NCHEMS, NIH, NEH, NSF, HEW, and those generated by my own institution. I am astonished to discover that I have created a few of these myself. I am disheartened by the heavy-handed discriminatory practices that I am asked to administer in the name of "affirmative action," and I wish it were possible to achieve such ends without them. I do not really think that students should be spending their time serving on faculty and administrative committees, the virtues of learning-by-doing to the contrary notwithstanding and despite all that business about control over their own lives. As an undergraduate I regarded student government as farcical and the refuge of asses, and my view, though somewhat softened on the latter point, has not changed with respect to the former. I confess that I do not believe an academic community can be a people's democracy.

Finally I confess that I believe in the value of *formal* education (even the large lecture), and I am not embarrassed when the chairs in my classroom are not arranged in a circle. I think that the contemporary shibboleths of informality and sentimental egalitarianism in matters academic put off the day of maturity, to say nothing of judgment. Perhaps it can be said that I have been to the mountain and seen only the backsides of John Dewey. Perhaps I am sounding like Yeats' weatherworn marble triton among the streams. Actually I believe myself yet to be, after all these years of illusory authority, at heart an academic intellectual about whom the institution made some sort of mistake when it brought me into administration.

Down inside something still stirs. Therefore I know I am not yet totally depraved. In any case, let the faculty member without sin cast the first stone!

To Our Readers

We were unable to publish a July 27 issue as the result of a printers' strike. Because of the skipped issue, we have changed our summer schedule to make possible an additional issue in August.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Seduction of Mimi

(New Line)

Hollywood Speaks by Mike Steen

(Putnam; $8.95)

Mimi, despite the name, is a man. Lina Wertmuller, despite the name, is an Italian director-writer. Her first film to be seen here recently and widely praised was *Love and Anarchy* (a shortening of an affectedly long original title). It told of an attempted assassination of Mussolini in the '30s, with a bumpkin hero who comes to Rome for the job and until the appointed day is hidden in a brothel by a politicized whore. I thought it crude in every way, particularly in its heavy use of reverse symbols: the brothel as a refuge of purity, the innocence of the would-be murderer and the whore and their sudden love, the whole clumsy good-for-bad pageant. There was, yet once more, much exploitation of '30s decor, and Wertmuller's camera movement was hyperthyroid.

The Seduction of Mimi (also an abridgement of an affectedly long original title) is a much better picture; so it's a bit depressing, because it was made before *Love and Anarchy*. Still, it lets us see the latter film as a slip, instead of a norm. *Mimi*, with script again by Wertmuller herself, is about a youngish married Sicilian, vulnerable to the Mafia, who moves to Turin alone, becomes a skilled metalworker, acquires a "northern" mistress, who is political, and a son. Much against his will, Mimi is then transferred by his company back to Catania. He brings his mistress and child, keeping them as secret as he can, and takes up (chaste) residence with his wife. Because of his conjugal inattention, the wife becomes pregnant by another man, and Mimi seeks revenge by impregnating his wife's seducer's wife. All this sex farce is embroidered with elements of Sicilian custom, political machination and Mafia undertow.

It's a much better script than *Love and Anarchy*, but it suffers somewhat from the same disease: the author's belief that mere choice of subject brings you halfway home. Over and over we watch scenes that are supposed to break us up, waiting for the moment that will take us over the line from intent to vitality. Wertmuller's camerawork is once again frenzied, muscular, near-hysterical—overhead shots for no reason, lots of zooms (*lots* of zooms), and the use of distorting lenses. The last is particularly sour in a scene, disgusting enough, in which Mimi seduces the homely fat wife of his wife's lover. Wertmuller's view of the woman's rump makes it something out of a zoo; and makes Mimi's ability to impregnate this woman a tribute to *pasta* power.

But Wertmuller also racks up some achievements. First, and easiest, she gets sharp contrasts between Sicily and the industrial North, something done well before in *Il Mafioso* and *I Fidanzati* but done effectively here, too. Second, with her cinematographer Dario di Palma, she gets a nice incised, colored-lithograph look out of Turin streets and Sicilian piazzas. Third, she gets good work from two performers who were in the other picture. The erstwhile Fascist-era whore, Mariangela Melato, who looks and plays comedy a great deal like Monica Vitti, does well indeed as the anarchist mistress: a character *self*-dramatized, not dramatized by the actress. And the most ingenious and taking aspect of the whole film is the performance of Giancarlo Giannini as Mimi.

In *Love and Anarchy* Giannini gave a "makeup" performance: he relied largely on his get-up. He had funny straight red whiskers and hair and funny underwear. He popped his eyes and scrambled about a bit, still he depended mostly on his hair and underwear. Here he is cockerel, a cartoon of Marcello Mastroianni's self-centered swain in *Divorce Italian Style*. Mastroianni acted that part exquisitely; Giannini doesn't act, he dances. His performance is composed of clusters of movement, exaggerated stances, bravura gestures, italicized Italianness, that are much more suggestive of ballet than of acting. The subtlest esthetic point of the film is that Giannini's rhetoric of movement seems the summation, the quintessence, of mental attitudes of all the males in the picture, the rest of whom behave quite "normally."

Wertmuller's future seems now to rest on her ability to close, in her scripts, the gap between plan and realization; and her ability to make her steamy camera style serve her, instead of sweeping her along. Meanwhile, however, I got fun out of *Mimi* just from watching b) Melato and aaa) Giannini.

One of my favorite kinds of film book is interviews with professionals. If the subjects are responsive and if they stick to their muttons without overmuch theory and afflatus, the talk is interesting and uniquely enlightening. Like most other good ideas, the interview idea is not new: Kevin Brownlow, François Truffaut and Charles Thomas Samuels are just three of the people who have produced valuable film books in this way; now Mike Steen has produced another. His aim in *Hollywood Speaks* was to create "An Oral History"; it is not quite, as Brownlow's book is. But Steen, who has worked in pictures in several ways, has done a small social-cultural cross-section of a day gone by. He has interviewed at some length 25 people who worked in various arts and crafts of film, almost all of them active through the high Hollywood era. Steen is not exactly a mental giant (and his attention to name-spelling wanders), but he had the prime requirements for his job: some knowledge of the field professionally and the ability to get his subjects to open up.

I can't remember a better interview with an actor than the 55 pages of Henry Fonda here, in which Fonda tells in rich

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

The Conversation. An electronic snooper gets morally involved in his work. Some sags and forced images, but mostly intelligent and well made.

Going Places. French youth in the post-revolutionary '70s. Purposely outrageous, socially valid, funny, scary, sad.

Chinatown. Roman Polanski prowls the Hollywood '30s in a thriller that might have been made then. Too long, slightly self-conscious, but exceptional.

Wedding in Blood. Claude Chabrol wrote a trite script about marital transgression and murder, then he directed it creamily.

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Reconsideration

Self-Discovery Without Self-Pity

A Fan's Notes by Frederick Exley, published in 1968 by Harper & Row, is subtitled "A Fictional Memoir," and it is useful here to quote from Exley's introductory *caveat:*

> *Though the events in this book bear similarity to those of that long malaise, my life, many of the characters and happenings are creations solely of the imagination. In such cases, I of course disclaim any responsibility for their resemblance to real people or events, which would be coincidental . . . I have drawn freely from the imagination and adhered only loosely to the pattern of my past life. To this extent, and for this reason, I ask to be judged as a writer of fantasy.*

It is a familiar refrain—though rarely so precisely expressed—in these days when so many young writers are retreating into a never-never land somewhere between fiction and autobiography in order to spew out their confessions. But Exley not merely gets away with it, he makes a triumph of it. What in his book is fiction and what is not, matters not at all. What matters is the true and at times astonishing richness of his prose, the exuberant humor that prevents the book from spilling over into self-pity or bitterness, and—most of all—the clarity with which Exley, by exploring himself, explores the world to which he fiercely refuses to adjust.

The title derives from Exley's obsession with Frank Gifford, the halfback who starred so glitteringly for the New York Giants in the late '50s. The book, however, is not about Gifford or football, but about success and failure:

> *I told her about my first year in New York, how I had this awful dream of fame, but that, unlike Gifford—who had possessed the legs and the hands and the agility, the tools of his art—I had come to New York with none of the tools of mine, writing. I told her how I had tried to content myself with reverie, envisioning myself emblazoned across the back of dust jackets. I told her how I had gone each lonely Sunday to the Polo Grounds where Gifford, when I heard the city cheer him, came after a time to represent to me the possible, had sustained for me the illusion that I could escape the bleak anonymity of life.*

In large measure, then, *A Fan's Notes* is concerned with a theme not often touched in American fiction but, indisputably I think, important in contemporary American life: living vicariously, assuaging the pain of one's failures by identifying with the successes of others. The football metaphor is carefully chosen, because Exley sees the professional game as "something truly fine, something that only comes with years of toil, something very like art," but he uses it to strike a universal note: "I understood, and could not bear to understand, that it was my destiny—unlike that of my father, whose fate it was to hear the roar of the crowd—to sit in the stands with most men and acclaim others. It was my fate, my destiny, my end, to be a fan."

But if the often anguishing search for identity is at the core of *A Fan's Notes,* it is filled with other concerns and diversions. Exley is a superb storyteller, and his stories are as revealing as they are, in the main, funny. The best of them involves his relationship with Bunny Sue Allorgee:

> *Bunny Sue was nineteen. She had honey-blond, bobbed hair and candid, near-insolent green eyes. She had a snub, delightful nose, a cool, regal, and tapering neck, a fine, intelligent mouth that covered teeth so startling they might have been cleansed by sun gods. Without any makeup save lipstick, her complexion was as milk flecked with butter, the odor she cast as wholesome as homemade bread. On my first breathless vision of her, I wanted to bury my teeth, Dracula-like, into her flanks, knowing that she would bleed pure butterscotch.*

Bunny Sue is the all-American girl—"the Big Ten coed whose completeness is such that a bead of perspiration at the temple is enough to break the heart"—and when Exley takes her to bed he is impotent, immobilized by the American Dream. Not merely immobilized but terrified, for when he visits Bunny Sue in her plastic suburban home with her plastic suburban parents he fully comprehends the fate she holds for him, and he walks away: "I came to understand that my sexual failure redeemed me, saved me from an almost certain castration."

This Exley is a strange and bawdy fellow—a ferocious boozer, voracious womanizer, indifferent worker, "one mad dreamer out of the cold, cow country up yonder." He pops in and out of mental institutions, but they do not "normalize" him. Instead he discovers the importance and value of "my oddness, my deviations, those things which made me, after all, me." And his book is a tightly controlled but roaringly angry outcry against blandness, against "a world to which the passionate and the singular aspiration were forbidden." One passage has vibrated in my ears for five years:

> *All wore button-down shirts and seemed excellent providers, all deferred to the women's judgments and seemed unburdened with anything like thoughts, and all possessed a Gregory-Peckish gentleness best reflected in their adamant refusal ever to raise their voices. Like most men they had somehow got the notion that the voice under control is the voice of civilization. A restraint admirable to the point of miraculous, it seemed to say, let the Tower of Pisa complete its poised trajectory and fall, let the Taj Mahal ooze into the mire of Agra, let our madhouses overflow and India repopulate until its people elbow each other into the sacred Ganges, but in the interests of sanity and civilization let us still maintain our modulated tones.*

The same autumn that *A Fan's Notes* was published, the American people elected as their President a man who in his inaugural address would urge the nation to "lower our voices."

Perhaps that is why *A Fan's Notes* failed. Perhaps it was because serious readers thought it was merely a book about sports. Generally the book was well, if often uncomprehendingly, reviewed. It indeed won its share of small awards. It built up a small, alas all too small, cadre of devoted admirers. Yet as people in

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the book business say, it went nowhere.

An epilogue is in order: In the early fall of 1968, shortly before leaving my job in North Carolina to spend the academic year at Harvard, I received a review copy of *A Fan's Notes.* Thinking it to be a book about sports, I tossed it into my baggage with the notion that it would make pleasant, light reading on some cold Cambridge night. Before I could get to it, a friend borrowed it, took it home and raced through it in a great gulp of enthusiasm. He passed it on to another friend, who read it with similar excitement. And so at last I read it, and understood at once what my friends were talking about. Here was a book that spoke to us in the most immediate and intimate way, a book not at all "about sports" but about life in the contemporary madhouse, about the agony and the dignity of the struggle to remain an outsider in a world gone wildly out of kilter.

Exley became a hero to us, a figure of mystery and fascination. He has so completely drawn us into his life that we speculated endlessly about him: What was he doing now? Was he writing another book? Had he found any of the happiness and self-regard that seemed, however tentatively, to be within his grasp in the final pages of *A Fan's Notes?*

The following June we returned to our jobs, but our involvement with Exley did not end. A couple of my friends made contact with him, and the word they sent back was not encouraging. Exley, they reported, was dismayed by the indifferent reception his book had met. He had poured himself into it, he told them, yet it had sold only 7000 copies and seemed to have completely disappeared. My friends said he was spending his days propping up New York bars or lounging beerily on Florida beaches. He seemed so discouraged, *defeated,* that no further writing appeared in prospect.

So when Ballantine published a paperback edition of *A Fan's Notes* in the fall of 1971, I wrote a column for my newspaper in which I lamented the book's commercial failure, elaborated upon its many virtues, and urged readers not to let it vanish again. The column went unnoticed except by Exley's editor, who wrote me an angry letter in which he said that I was wrong, that *A Fan's Notes* had won the William Faulkner Award and other lesser honors, and that it had done well for a first novel. His defensiveness was certainly understandable, but his claims did not then, nor do they now, seem to me to be substantiated by the book's history—a history not brightened by its paperback sales, which, I am told by a reliable source in the publishing industry, were disappointing.

Thus when I was invited to contribute to this series of *Reconsiderations,* I jumped at the opportunity to get in one more word for *A Fan's Notes.* And then the entirely unexpected happened: I had a call from Exley, whom I had never corresponded with or met. Somehow he had heard of my plans for this piece, and he wanted to make me aware of a couple of new developments. Contrary to rumor he has been working. A second book, a sequel of sorts to *A Fan's Notes,* will be published soon by Random House. Random House is in the process of acquiring the rights to *A Fan's Notes* and plans to republish it in both hardcover and paperback editions. So, cheers for Random House, which had the self-respect to decline Spiro Agnew's "novel," and which has now committed itself to giving new life to a splendid, shamefully neglected book.

We should be grateful that Exley is still writing, still trying to find himself through words, now being published again. He has a great deal to say to us.

Jonathan Yardley

JONATHAN YARDLEY *is book editor of* The Miami Herald.

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Poets and Their Work

Children of the Mire: a book of circles, rotations. "The Adam of mud" rises, falls, rises again, in his cycles of faith and doubt, health and sickness. In particular, post-Christian man steps on the paddle wheel of otherness with such longing that he is carried right around to his starting point. To begin in naked need is to begin and end in doubt. Romanticism, the modern faith, is religion from the profane up: the impossible kind.

Children of the Mire:
Modern Poetry from Romanticism to the Avant-Garde
by Octavio Paz
translated by Rachel Phillips
(Harvard University Press; $7.95)

The Perpetual Present:
The Poetry and Prose of Octavio Paz
edited by Ivar Ivask
(University of Oklahoma Press; $8.95)

Early Poems 1935-1955
by Octavio Paz
translated by Muriel Rukeyser and others
(Indiana University Press; $2.50 paper)

Our minds lack an absolute—or our absolute, as Octavio Paz all but says, is a relative: change. We shrink from the inanity of an eternity fit only for angels who can feast on light, that thin gruel, that substance that is always the same. "Our modern idea of time . . . could appear only as a criticism of Christian eternity." "Existence as we have thought, felt, and loved it" is a "perpetual possibility of being." We are voracious for the future—*our* eternity, our frontier.

Then again we are not. Romanticism threads through the modern era almost from the beginning—a river in which our selves are reflected back *on the same plane* as the surrounding green and blue, in a resolving emulsion of being. What peace! This, then, is what we had wanted, this "return to the beginning

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of beginnings," this "agreement with the natural world."

Here in the realm of Sensibility the body speaks—in "a language of dreams, symbols, and metaphors." Here the sacred, stooping, forms a "strange pact" with the profane. The earth, the little things, the sublime and obscene alike, become holy. "Romantic poetry is revolutionary, not with but against the revolutions of the century; and its religion is a transgression of religion."

Modern art, as Paz says, is modern "because it is critical." It constantly criticizes itself through change—and it criticizes change. By the first it affirms modernity; by the second denies it. Incestuously complete, the "modern" swallows everything. How can it come to an end? The stew pot would have to be emptied somehow, through some kind of violence.

But Paz, after brilliantly exposing its contradictions, declares the modern at an end. The future, he says, is now a withered falsehood, the present is ours once again. The cry of ethnic and cultural rebellions is "Now!" The decay of capitalism, with its ascetic productivity, has freed the body. It is time for "the time-out-of-time of pleasure, religious revelation, or poetic vision"; time "to build an Ethics and a Politics upon the Poetics of the now."

Two dovetailed theses, then: the "creative self-destruction" of modernity, and its dissolution in mass democratic divinations of "the unalterable principle that is the root of change." On the second Paz is hasty, too brief, unpinned. On the first, however, he writes with such lucid density, such dialectical panache, such agreement of scope and precision, such *flings* of the hooks of reference, that his book is an instant classic. There is nothing to compare with it in modern poetry in the Western world—a poetry that, whether Anglo-American, French, German or Hispanic (and this worldly Mexican is fresh and expert on all these and more) is, as Paz says, "one." *Children of the Mire* reveals how high the subject of poetry can rise on the wave of an immense human culture.

But inevitably where so much has been gathered—and, indeed, is at stake—readers will have their quarrels. Mine, in the main, are two.

First, Paz's understanding of Romanticism is too historical. Romanticism—expansive awareness—is always with us. Modern poetry has not moved *from* Romanticism to the avant-garde; most of the avant-garde is Romantic.

The avant-garde is the nut-bin of both Romantics and Modernists. But it sorts out. The first "experiment" to admit universal analogy and the body; the second to admit Romantic nature in reverse—disjointing time and estranging space. In Anglo-American poetry Romantic innovators have dominated. Pound and Williams pre-eminently, Yeats, Stevens, Dylan Thomas, Merwin, others too. The chief Modernist was Eliot. Then came Lowell and Plath. Now arrive the new British Modernists: Geoffrey Hill, Ted Hughes, W. S. Graham, Thomas Kinsella. In fact poetic Modernism may just be starting.

Second, Paz's announcement of the "end" of the modern is sweet and weak Romanticism once again. "The history of the poetic revolutions of the modern age," Paz says, "has been none other than the dialogue between analogy and irony"—Romanticism and Modernism, as one might put it. But what is the new orgiastic "intersection of times" if not another dip of the wheel, another saturation in Sensibility?

The history of modern poetry shows, I think, just this, that Romanticism recurs but is basically unstable: no solution, only the happier part of the problem. As a salvation it is a box of matches, not the eternal flame.

Romanticism fails to "take" for several reasons. (Paz touches on some of these but fails to see how they break his hopes.) In the first place the more ambitious a Romantic is—Blake, Yeats—the more his religion will seem *his*, idiosyncratic. The purest Romanticism (as E. M. Forster despairingly knew) is a thing of wet gleams, hay wisps, private communions. A few may just be able to live by it, the rest will wonder when the service is set to begin. There are drugs (whose effects Paz describes with warm sympathy), but most take their toll.

Enfeebling this "salvation" still more, for us "the heart of analogy is an empty space." Zeus, the Trinity, the Prime Mover, all have been evicted. Metaphor lifts us toward a cloud-cuckoo-land we never reach, cannot *imagine*. Sooner or later, gravity has us.

"By siding with reason," Paz writes, "the West condemned itself to be always other, and to perpetuate itself only by constant self-negation." But is it only reason that negates itself? What is the body if not a contradiction composed of the will to live and the will to die? Indeed the desire for more life (as Romantics have guessed) itself edges into death. Ironic that the Romantic, in the name of life, should seek to be "one" with an overwhelmingly inorganic world. For this and other reasons, chiefly the structure of consciousness, the modern "dialogue" of analogy and irony—of trust in and despair of being—may be the formula of life. But Romanticism, of course, is only half of it, and even at that subverted, as just noted, from within.

Paz adds support. In an interview reprinted in *The Perpetual Present*—an academic tribute to Paz deriving from the Oklahoma Conferences on Writers of the Hispanic World (and fitted out with engaging pictures)—he says: "Great poetry . . . doesn't reveal man as an affirmation, as a unity . . . but as . . . a fissure. Man fighting with himself. This seems to be the true modern vision of man."

For *one* reason or another, irony repeatedly prods the sloth analogy from its tree of images—a tree it fondly believes to be the world. Romanticism is the most human of religions but the most inconstant.

Perhaps an article in *The Perpetual Present* partially explains why Paz, whose culture and experience are all but awesome, should have proved less wise than his own book or than the students

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who, when he delivered it as the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures in 1971-1972, were into drugs and out to green America. Graciela Palau de Nemes, surveying modern Hispanic poetry from Jiménez to the present, concludes that Paz climaxes the gradual rebellion against ancient Spanish morbidity. At home, then, his erotic mysticism may seem new and necessary indeed, though to us it has the thud of Lawrence all over again.

However that may be, where most of *Children of the Mire* has a lookout of breathtaking universality, the conclusion seems to pour from the Romantic steam bath of Paz's *Early Poems*.

This last, a new, selected, bilingual text sensitively introduced by Muriel Rukeyser, is a needed complement to New Directions' *Configurations*, with its later and still better work. Here are the first short pieces in all their weakness of relation, their random piercing beauty; here the first surging long poems, attempting to be, like a river, "a long word that never ends."

And here, it must be said—though the voices in *The Perpetual Present* seem to conspire not to say it—is too willed a Romanticism, however refreshing in a land where the hot wounded days creep "along the length of time" and never finish "with dying." ". . . Let . . . the poem be an implacable radiance that advances/and may the soul be the blackened grass after fire. . . ." Could any poem live up to this? Paz, in midpoem, will abruptly declare himself out of time, at the "source." But can words reach us from there? Paz never seems to say what he does *not* know. His Romanticism is as direct as a lesson.

Still he is great enough, in his own terms, to show his fissures. He leaps into Romanticism from a conscious void. "Here we are not who are not," he says, envying "a flock of trees drinking at the stream," trees "all there." Paz is Romantic partly in open defiance of the blood "that goes and comes," that "says nothing and carries me with it."

In sum, at his most complete Paz himself represents the modern "dialogue"—Romanticism pursuing the mystical seed puff that jumps away precisely *because* the hand reaches for it; Modernism in its sour irony, its days that never finish with dying.

Calvin Bedient

CALVIN BEDIENT'S *Eight Contemporary Poets will be published in September (Oxford).*

The Avenue Bearing the Initial of Christ into the New World: Poems 1946-64 by Galway Kinnell

(Houghton Mifflin; $2.95 paper)

In the decade and a half since his first book appeared, Galway Kinnell has emerged as one of the most powerful and moving poets of his generation. His is an elementary poetry—a poetry of dark woods and snow; of wind and fire and stars; of bone and blood. His subjects are perennial: love illumined and made more precious by the omnipresence of death. He said recently:

> *It is through something radiant in our lives that we have been able to dream of paradise, that we have been able to invent the realm of eternity. But there is another kind of glory in our lives that derives precisely from our inability to enter that paradise or to experience eternity. That we last only for a time, that we know this, radiates a thrilling, tragic light on all our loves, all our relationships, even on those moments when the world, through its poetry, becomes almost capable of surprising time and death.*

Almost; for Kinnell has posed the most anguished of all our questions: "Is it true/the earth is all there is, and the earth does not last?" If it does not, it can still be irradiated and somehow made sacred, if not by God then by the poet.

Best known for *Body Rags* (1968), *The Book of Nightmares* (1971) and the two volumes preceding these, *What a Kingdom It Was* (1960) and *Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock* (1964), these are now brought together in this new volume. (The remarkable title derives from the no less remarkable, life-charged poem in which Kinnell, back in 1960, celebrated New York City's teeming Avenue C.)

The new book is valuable for a number of reasons. First it offers us an opportunity for comparison. An exceptional performer, Kinnell has in recent years given many readings. Often, standing before an audience, he would feel a definite reluctance to say a line as written, a reluctance he gradually came to trust. These on-the-spot excisions and alterations now appear for the first time in print, and those who wish to examine the process of revision—and, incidentally, to note one effect of public readings on the poet himself—need only consult the poems as they originally appeared in *Kingdom* and *Flower Herding*.

Second, the new volume brings together in an attractive and inexpensive format all of the poetry prior to *Body Rags*. This is especially useful since *First Poems 1946-54* was published in a limited edition, while *Kingdom* and *Flower Herding* have been out of print for several years. As a result all of Kinnell's published poetry is now conveniently available in three volumes.

Third, while the large audience attracted by *The Book of Nightmares* may initially turn to this new collection as a sort of prolegomenon, few, after reading, will be inclined to question the earlier work's intrinsic merit. For what really matters are the poems themselves, and many of these are splendid. Several must serve for many.

In "To Christ Our Lord," a *Bildungsroman* in six stanzas, a boy reluctantly eats for Christmas dinner the bird he has killed earlier in the day. The sound of its wing-beat "had stirred his love," yet he fired. "Now the grace praised his wicked act." Yet "he ate as he had killed, with wonder." The poem began in snow ("The legs of the elk punctured the snow's crust. . . .") and ends there: "At night on snowshoes on the drifting field/He wondered again, for whom had love stirred?/The stars glittered on the snow and nothing answered./Then the Swan spread her wings, cross of the cold north,/The pattern and mirror of the acts of earth."

The movement and structure of this early poem are typical of much of the best of Kinnell's work: the rondure, or reversion of a poem's end upon its beginning; the movement from a closely observed particular to the ("almost") transcendent emblem. If there are moments when we feel that the things of this world have been too quickly transformed to emblems, we have those other poems in which Kinnell's eye is glued to the particular. The most famous instance is the "Avenue C," with its plethora of people, vegetables, rust-water icicles, storefronts and bedbugged mattresses. But that poem, too, in what Kinnell elsewhere calls a "saprophytic blossoming," flames out in the shining of the shook foil on all those loving notations: "In the nighttime/Of the blood they are laughing and saying,/Our little lane, what a kingdom it was!/

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oi weih, oi weih."

In Kinnell's moving elegy for his brother Derry, we have another saprophytic blossoming, moving from the dead cow and dung that make grass green to the "grass green for a man," and on to a peroration reminiscent, and worthy, of Yeats: "It is true/That only flesh dies, and spirit flowers without stop/ For men, cows, dung, for all dead things; and it is good, yes—/ But an incarnation is in particular flesh/ And the dust that is swirled into a shape/ And crumbles and is swirled again had but one shape/ That was this man. When he is dead the grass/ Heals what he suffered, but he remains dead,/ And the few who loved him know this until they die."

There is a glory in Kinnell's best poetry, and the temptation, to paraphrase Coleridge in his lecture on *The Tempest*, is to stop reviewing and simply recite. One last example. Here is the concluding section of the title poem from *Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock*, a movement illustrative of the pattern we've noted, and poetry almost as lucid and beautifully elegaic as Prospero's speech in *The Tempest*:

In the forest I discover a flower.
The invisible life of the thing
Goes up in flames that are invisible
Like cellophane burning in the sunlight.
It burns up. Its drift is to be nothing.
In its covertness it has a way
Of uttering itself in place of itself,
Its blossoms claim to float in the Empyrean,
A wrathful presence on the blur of the ground.
The appeal to heaven breaks off.
The petals begin to fall, in self-forgiveness.
It is a flower. On this mountainside it is dying.

Patrick Keane

PATRICK KEANE *teaches English at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, NY.*

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Use of Power

Indira: A Biography of Prime Minister Gandhi by Krishan Bhatia

(Praeger; $10)

The plane soared above the snowy peaks, a black dot against the Himalayan dawn. Hours before, in Tashkent, Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri of India had dropped dead of a heart attack after negotiating a peace treaty with Pakistan. Now, as the Indian Air Force plane bore his body toward New Delhi, the Indian and foreign press—only feet from the black-draped casket—were at work picking his successor.

Home Minister Gulzari Lal Nanda . . . Defense Minister Y. B. Chavan . . . Congress Party President Kumaraswami Kamaraj . . . Perennial Elder Statesman Morarji Desai . . . The names were batted from row to row as in some macabre version of an old travelers' game; but each was found wanting.

"There's always Indira," someone said.

"Ah," said a senior Indian correspondent, "if the strong men want to rule, they will do so through the weak woman."

When Indira Gandhi swept to a surprisingly easy victory among Congress party legislators a few days later, this was the prevailing explanation. The strong men—the power "Syndicate" of party leaders—had chosen Mrs. Gandhi as the most convenient figurehead behind whom to rule.

In 1966, her first year as Prime Minister, she seemed weak indeed. Vascillating and uncertain, her bursts of decisiveness were often followed by rapid capitulation to pressure. A hesitant leader in parliament, she was left shaken by opposition onslaughts, generating little confidence in press or public.

As the *New York Times* correspondent in India during those years, I can remember many a soft evening sitting in somebody's grassy backyard, sipping gin and tonics, and snidely deprecating the Prime Minister. Some Delhi newsmen in those days even dubbed her Goongi Gudiya, "the Dumb Doll." Some gave her three months. Some six. Nobody thought she would last a year.

But she fooled us all. She has been Prime Minister longer than anyone but her illustrious father, Jawaharlal Nehru. And she would seem to have a very good chance to outlast even him; she need only stay in office another nine years—a prospect that now does not seem at all unlikely.

More important than mere survival, she has emerged as one of the world's most powerful leaders. Mrs. Gandhi is anything but indecisive these days, witness her bold facing down of the recent railways strike, during which she imprisoned thousands of railway workers, and her defiance of world opinion in building India into a nuclear power. Even in these troublesome days, when economic and social problems come crowding in on her like typhoons off the Bay of Bengal, she remains virtually unchallenged for her party and national leadership.

All of her potential rivals—once so numerous—have been bested at their own game. The Syndicate, once capable of intimidating even a Prime Minister, is now wandering in the political wilderness. With little hyperbole, the Dumb Doll has now been described as "the most powerful woman in the world," "the supreme and silken autocrat" and "the Empress of India."

This startling transition is the chief focus of Krishan Bhatia's new biography. One of India's most astute journalists, now the *Hindustan Times* special correspondent in the United States, he has had ample opportunity to watch Mrs. Gandhi at home and abroad. This gives the book an authoritative tone, particularly on the political maneuvering of 1968 that led to the split in the Congress party. Bhatia's forte is unraveling political intrigue; he writes about it with an insider's touch.

But what makes this an important book is not its chronicle of Mrs. Gandhi's rise to power—much of which is pretty well known by now—but Bhatia's rather bold critique of the way in which she has exercised that power.

During most of her eminent father's 17 years in office, his personal power was as extensive as Indira's had become by 1972. Nehru dominated both the Congress party and the government apparatus and in any division of opinion his was the ultimate decision. But, Bhatia notes, Nehru was saved from authoritarianism by "certain restraints which he imposed on himself." In assembling his cabinet, he invariably chose men who had a political base of their own, including those whose politics he distrusted. If a politician whom he disliked attained power in one of the states, Nehru would try to work with

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him. He cooperated with minority parties and respected the press.

But, Bhatia concludes, "In Indira's years, increasingly, the restraints on personal power implicit and customary in a democracy appear markedly less conspicuous than many might wish."

He notes that "through successive reshuffles Indira has removed from her government all those who were considered capable of expressing themselves with some degree of fearlessness or who had earned her displeasure for some reason." She has installed leaders in the states who enjoy her personal favor but rarely have any roots there. And when such rootless state governments crumble, she has not hesitated to impose direct central government rule. She has increasingly intimidated both minority parties and the press.

Bhatia also outlines the charges that Indira's years in power have witnessed "a distressing debasement of political values, a staggering increase in corruption at all levels including the top, callous misuse of authority, and a sharp decline in administrative efficiency" and contend that "she is not averse to coming to terms with corrupt elements and at times even shielding them should that serve her political ends."

He devotes considerable space to two scandals which have dogged her administration. The first is the widespread collection of "black money"—money on which taxes have been evaded—for the Congress party's campaigns. "The money that Indira's senior Cabinet colleagues collected for the parliamentary elections in 1971 and state elections the following year allegedly amounted to tens of million dollars of rupees and usually changed hands on the basis of a clear quid pro quo."

The second scandal is over government assistance allegedly given to Indira's younger son, Sanjay, to produce the Maruti, a small car of his own design. For years government experts have studied the production of an indigenous small car, but such plans were repeatedly shelved because of concern over allocation of scarce resources. But the Prime Minister's critics charge that all such reservations were swept aside when the application came from Indira's son.

Ultimately Bhatia retreats somewhat from these indictments of the Empress of India. He tempers his critique by noting that there are many inconsistent strains in Indira, "that the secrets of her personality and dreams are locked even now within that very private per-

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son." This is probably judicious. But it turns what could have been a very powerful book into merely a provocative one.

J. Anthony Lukas

Correspondent to The New York Times, J. ANTHONY LUKAS *is the author of* Don't Shoot—We Are Your Children *(Random House).*

Private Woman

Enid Starkie by Joanna Richardson

(Macmillan; $7.95)

Enid Starkie's memoir, *A Lady's Child,* recalled the world of Edwardian Dublin in which she was raised and her experiences as an Oxford undergraduate attempting to escape from it. Although admired by critics and friends, the book was denounced in Ireland as "an unpardonable piece of disloyalty," and its publication in 1941 led, at least for a time, to an estrangement between Starkie and her family. The two volumes she projected to complete her autobiography—one to deal with her student days in Paris, the other with her career at Oxford—were never completed. Had they been, the latter might well have been titled *A Different Breed of Animal,* the phrase that appears repeatedly in Starkie's correspondence to describe her continuing sense of isolation within the community of which she was so prominent a member.

Much of that correspondence is quoted in Joanna Richardson's biography. Richardson, a student, later a friend, and herself, like Starkie, author of biographical studies of 19th-century French literary figures, had long urged Starkie to complete her autobiography; Starkie in turn indicated that if anyone else were to write her life it should be Richardson. After Starkie's death in 1970 Richardson began what she found to be a difficult task.

"It is always hard to write freely," Richardson says in her introduction, "about someone recently dead. But Enid's papers revealed a person whom I had not known or suspected. They destroyed an illusion which had lasted since I first knew her, and they presented a wholly different truth. Enid had been silent about her private life . . . But, since she kept the evidence for more than thirty years, she clearly intended it to be published. The papers which she kept explain much about her. One cannot write her life and ignore them."

Here and throughout, one feels Richardson's wish that she *could* have ignored some of the complexities of the private person. Homage to the public figure would have been simple to pay. Enid Starkie's sensitive biographical studies of Baudelaire and Rimbaud brought these poets to the serious attention of English-speaking readers. It was through her efforts that Gide and Cocteau came to Oxford to receive honorary degrees. When she revived interest in the previously formulary election to Oxford's Chair of Poetry, acting as campaign manager (no other word will do) first for C. Day-Lewis and then for W. H. Auden, many ordinarily unconcerned with either academic politics or the shaping of the literary canon became aware of Starkie, her talents and her personality, at least the public personality.

Awarded the Legion of Honor for her scholarly contributions to Anglo-French cultural relations, Enid Starkie's legend grew out of what Shirley Hazzard called "her true eccentricity." Richardson is able to evoke that phenomenon in anecdotes about Starkie's incredible schedule of work, travel, social life and correspondence; in accounts of her relationships with students; in descriptions of her famous scarlet and blue costumes ("a style of her own, impervious to fashion") and of the equally famous scarlet and gold decor of her Oxford homes. Of her second Richardson writes: "The house was not a woman's house. It was a monument to Enid's literary taste, to her artistic flair, to her loneliness and her unreal existence." The last sentence here is a judgment, essentially supported by the evidence presented. The first, however, is a foolishly stereotypical remark, and it reveals the sorts of conventional assumptions that make it so difficult for Richardson to deal with her discoveries about Starkie's private life.

Cryptically describing an undergraduate involvement with another woman, Richardson concludes that Starkie "would more than once be drawn to other women, and the attraction would bring her predictable unhappiness." When some 20 years later an intense, extended love affair with a woman ended painfully (just as Starkie was facing her family's resentful reaction to her memoirs), her lover's name appeared frequently enough in letters to her two closest confidantes for Richardson to say that one must have surmised the truth and the other may have been asked to mediate. That is about all she says: the few generalized remarks of Starkie's she records are of little help to a reader trying to understand this experience.

Fortunately Richardson is more generous, if only slightly less uncomfortable, in recording Starkie's notes and letters about the painful heterosexual affairs of her postgraduate years. Her interpretation of these materials is muddled (alternating between the assertion that Starkie should have known marriage was the only answer and her insistence that Starkie's nature made it impossible for any one person, man or woman, ever to permanently satisfy her needs), but the reader can, at least, hear Starkie's own thoughts about the difficulties for a "complicated woman" in finding love and friendship.

Or professional preferment. Starkie spent most of her adult life at Somerville College, Oxford, and this relationship too brought her pain as well as pleasure. To the end of her life she felt she had failed or been rejected because she was never elected to a professorial chair. For an outsider who knows Somerville through Dorothy Sayers' *Gaudy Night* (and Oxbridge politics through C. P. Snow's *The Masters)* it is hard to judge whether her bitterness was justified or self-pitying, but easy to imagine it may have been one of the disillusioning discoveries in her papers.

There are many areas of fact and interpretation one might wish Richardson had pursued, or pursued differently, in this study. She may not in fact have been Starkie's ideal biographer. But we must nevertheless be grateful she accepted the task bequeathed to her. Enid Starkie's life, public and private, was passionate and courageous. Her story is fascinating, poignant and well worth the telling.

Elaine Reuben

ELAINE REUBEN *is chairman of the MLA Commission on the Status of Women and taught English at the University of Wisconsin.*

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Recent Fiction

About Harry Towns by Bruce Jay Friedman

(Knopf; $5.95)

Bruce Jay Friedman's "stand-up comic" routines (as Max Schulz has called them) have become an essential trademark of a very impressive body of drama and fiction. In Friedman's comedy, however, there is a disquieting quality. His play *Scuba Duba* was accurately subtitled "a tense comedy," alerting us to the fact that in his work laughs come always at the expense of overbearing psychic pain. His heroes are worriers, with an uncomfortable inheritance of guilt from their Jewish past.

About Harry Towns, Friedman's fourth novel, has much in common with the manner and narrative method of *Stern* and *The Dick*. Harry Towns is more successful and self-assured than the heroes of these earlier novels but he too has to work very hard to keep his guilt at bay. A screenwriter who enjoys thinking of himself as "a fellow past forty going around being astonished all the time," he takes special pride in his possessions: an extravagantly overpriced apartment, a refrigerator stuffed with pâté, caviar and Camembert, a steady supply of cocaine, and a son approaching adolescence. His marital situation is uncertain: "They weren't married. They weren't officially separated. They weren't much of anything."

We see fantasy and reality through Harry Towns' eyes, and the "fading line [Friedman's expression] between the two blurs as the novel develops and as Towns' moral flabbiness seems to get the better of him.

As backdrop to Towns' uncertain relations with his wife, son, parents and succession of girl friends there are historical events—the flight of Apollo 11 and the Thomas Eagleton interlude. Harry measures his own failure to keep his family together against Eagleton's apparent success as a paterfamilias. He plots this parabola: ". . . Eagleton's life, a slow upward climb, was just coming into blossom, whereas Harry Towns saw himself as being on a downhill slide." The myth he constructs about Eagleton is finally punctured by the revelation of the Missouri senator's psychiatric history. Still Harry holds on to certain end-pieces of the legend: "Besides, Towns looked at it this way: even while Eagleton was soaking up shock treatments, the man wasn't busy busting up any families."

Friedman's art thrives on the incongruous, the unexpected. Readers familiar with his play in which a steambath turns out to be the afterworld run by a Puerto Rican attendant, with *Stern*, in which a rest home proves to be a place of fierce excitement and activity, or with *A Mother's Kisses*, in which a Kansas land grant college is virtually taken over by an aggressive Jewish mother, will not be surprised at some of the curious juxtapositions in *About Harry Towns*.

Penelope Gilliatt's description of Woody Allen—"the enviable American comic genius for going too far"—is true of Friedman. Toward the end of the novel a Spanish transvestite makes a request of a band to play "My Yiddishe Mama" and winks at Towns. In another place Harry arrives embarrassingly late at the chapel to view the remains of his mother because he had made a previous appointment to replenish his supply of cocaine. Towns takes his 12-year-old son on a vacation to Las Vegas even though the boy is too young to gamble. They end up staying "in a small, little-known hotel on the edge of town," with Harry devoting undue attention to a recently acquired case of "crabs." When this son, later in the novel, is caught stealing a pencil sharpener a lawyer with a pocket pacemaker is brought to his defense. There is no end to the incongruity.

Friedman is a gifted chronicler of the fantasy life of the urban and suburban Jew. The emphasis in *About Harry Towns*, however, is less conspicuously Jewish than in the earlier three novels, the Jewish ingredients largely restricted to the death of Towns' parents. Harry's mother has virtually none of those traits that we associate with the Jewish mother, so dominant and vocal a presence in his other work.

Despite the toning down of Jewish elements, there is much in this novel that echoes his earlier work. Towns' Bryn Mawr girlfriend has appeared before in *Steambath*. Harry's relationship with his son, which is never quite satisfactory, resembles Stern's bumbling filial gestures. Marriages do not work out very well in any of his plays or fiction and promiscuity, real or imagined, is always much in evidence.

The occasional sense of *déjà lu* that one gets from reading *About Harry Towns* reinforces our feeling that Friedman's admirable work is all of a piece. With remarkable consistency, he continues to catch the verbal rhythms that we associate with Philip Roth, Wallace Markfield, Irvin Faust, Jay Neugeboren and other American-Jewish writers who came to maturity in the 1960s.

Melvin J. Friedman

MELVIN J. FRIEDMAN *teaches at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, and is currently at work on a book on William Styron.*

The Diviners by Margaret Laurence

(Knopf; $7.95)

Alberta. Saskatchewan. Manitoba. What happens in these huge areas that dwarf our largest states? Who lives there? What kinds of lives do they lead? It has become commonplace to remark that for most Americans, Canada is still an unknown country filled with Mounties and a few huskies. But what do we

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know about the western provinces? What is life like in Winnipeg or Calgary or Saskatoon?

Margaret Laurence grew up in Neepawa, Manitoba, a small town about 100 miles northwest of Winnipeg. Settled by Scottish immigrants from Ontario, Neepawa is situated at the beginning of the Canadian prairie and functioned as a commercial center for a vast agricultural region. When Margaret Laurence was born in 1926, Neepawa resembled a prosperous Ontario town with brick houses and tree-shaded streets, but it was also a frontier town with the freedom and danger characteristic of life on the edge of domesticated society.

In three earlier novels (the middle one, *A Jest of God*, was made into the movie, *Rachel, Rachel*) and a book of short stories, Laurence has constructed a fictional correlative of life in Neepawa. Set in her imagined town of Manawaka, her fiction is part of a vast novel in progress. Characters from one novel reappear in another; the same lives are viewed from different perspectives; people grow up, marry, leave or die. Controlled by the hard-working and God-fearing Scottish businessmen and their wives with their acute sense of status and propriety, Manawaka is a hard place for most of its inhabitants. Everybody knows everybody else's business, and for those without a secure niche in the social hierarchy, it is a town good only for leaving.

The Diviners is the newest installment in this continuing saga of life on the Canadian prairie. The novel is narrated by Morag Gunn, a middle-aged novelist, divorced, with an 18-year-old daughter who lives on a small farm near Manawaka, works on a new novel and struggles with the confusions of her half-Scotch, half-Indian daughter. Through extended flashbacks, Morag remembers the progress of her life, trying to understand why she has found temporary peace on this isolated farm. Losing her parents as a child, Morag grew up in Manawaka in the home of the town trash-collector, left its stifling confines to go to college in Winnipeg. Soon married to an older professor, she began to write, having become increasingly unhappy with her life as a pampered ornament. After a brief affair with a part-Indian, part-French singer she had known from Manawaka, an affair that left her pregnant, Morag walked out of her marriage. Now, after living in Vancouver and London, she has come to this lonely farm.

Sounds like soap opera? Well the tendency to melodrama is the continuing flaw in Margaret Laurence's fiction. A gifted, serious novelist who gets better with each novel, she has said of her work, ". . . what I care about trying to do is to express something that in fact everyone knows, but doesn't say." Therein lie both her strength and her limitations. She tells us many things about growing up and getting married, having children and growing old, that are important and worth remembering, but she talks too much, she belabors the obvious, unwilling to let her stories do their own speaking. There is a kind of wisdom in her novels about how people's lives progress, how we are the products and victims of our family and place. But it is often an easy wisdom, too pat, too predictable.

The Diviners is Margaret Laurence's most interesting novel because Morag Gunn is her first female character who does, at times, surprise us, who can act in unpredictable ways, the first Laurence woman who is significantly more than just a creature who gets married and has children, or worries about a lonely spinsterhood. With Morag Margaret Laurence stretches the limits of melodrama; *The Diviners* is a novel that makes me look forward to her future work.

Sheldon Frank

A recent recipient of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, SHELDON FRANK *is currently at work on a novel to be titled,* I Can See Clearly Now.

Kenneth Evett on art

The Guggenheim versus Giacometti

The Giacometti exhibition at the Guggenheim was a heartening display of the power of art to survive in a hostile environment. The relentless alimentary canal circulation pattern and giddily tilted walls and floors of Frank Lloyd Wright's arrogantly anti-art museum presented formidable obstacles to valid esthetic response in any case, but they were particularly inimical to the classic art of Alberto Giacometti. Like other serious artists Giacometti relates his designs to our human equilibrium, vertical posture and bodily symmetry. His subtly adjusted forms demand an unequivocal spatial framework of true horizontal and vertical planes. However trapped in the straitjacket boundaries of Mr. Wright's sloping spiral chute, the artist's carefully calculated weights and balances were all displayed at an ignominious angle. Fortunately these works are strong enough to sustain their visual impact.

Amplifying the customary Guggen-

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heim practice of beginning a one-man exhibition at the top of the ramp with a display of the artist's early work and winding chronologically down to the bottom, this show started with works done by the artist's progenitor, Giovanni, his cousin Augusto and godfather Cuno Amiet. These artists were all accomplished practitioners of impressionist and postimpressionist modes and their work is filled with light, color and scenes of bourgeois pleasures and smiling nature—quite a contrast to Alberto's ashen tonalities and images of resistant human survivors. Evidently this gifted family provided the young Alberto with a supportive creative environment. His early work reflects sound academic training based on a drawing system of structured planes in the French beaux-arts tradition, modified by Cezanne's geometry and open mark-making method. Giacometti established himself in the Parisian vanguard at an early age, soon was producing small abstract bronzes in the cubist mode, was for a time influenced by Cycladic sculpture, and then moved on to the creation of those haunting surrealist spatial constructions like "The Palace at 4 A.M.," which won him international acclaim. During World War II Giacometti withdrew to his native Switzerland where he struggled through a painful period of self-doubt and creative frustration until he finally reached those iconographic and formal commitments that sustained him for the rest of his life. It is the body of work produced in this period that conveys the essence of the artist's vision.

Using drawing, painting and sculpture with equal concentration, Giacometti was obsessively determined to realize, through those media, his perception of the relationship of forms in space. A Giacometti drawing is the manifest result of his single-minded attention to the impingements, locations, connective points, lines, and links of creatures or objects as they exist together in their surroundings. For him the act of drawing is a process of tracing out and accounting for his visual travels over surfaces and into space. Those typical restless Giacometti strokes are the tangible, residual by-product of his attempt to reinforce and clarify his discoveries. They add up to a time-space palimpsest record of his visual adventures, fixed on a two-dimensional surface. Giacometti's oil painting technique is simply an extension of his drawing method that adds to the process the weight, density or transparency of pigment, the fluidity of the oil medium (with a resultant change in the tempo and character of his brush work) and the introduction of color—such as it is. Giacometti's austerely minimal palette consists of black, white, ochre, the umbers and raw and burnt sienna—all appropriate pigments for the earthbound elemental nature of his search. But he was not merely striving for reductive abstract purity. Burdened with acute awareness of the isolation and loneliness of 20th-century human beings, he confronts their condition, which he shares, and makes it the content of his work. Repeatedly he places a lone figure in a frozen frontal stance and then weaves a pattern of lines that reveal how space and things bear on that solitary soul. His characteristic elongated sculptural figures, anchored and impeded by their huge conjoined feet, as in a nightmare of not being able to move—appear on the contemporary scene as strayed descendents of Egyptian or Etruscan dieties. Their emaciated forms seem to be eroded down to that skeletal state by the action of time and space, and each jabbing pressure the artist imposed on the initial clay can be seen as a transformed physical manifestation of those forces. These sculptures have the patina of relics exhumed from the earth after disastrous earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, fires or an atomic holocaust. As revelations of Giacometti's own modern-day sense of alienation, they become enigmatic and unforgettable images of a prophetic contemporary sensibility. But despite their formidable presence, these works provide sensuous satisfactions.

Never have I felt the longing for possession and intimate knowledge of certain artistic creations more acutely than when I saw a show of Giacometti's drawings at the Pierre Matisse Gallery about 10 years ago. Included in the exhibition were a half dozen small studies that Giacometti had made of his old friend Henri Matisse when the latter was on the very brink of the grave. Done in an unblinking but humane spirit, these miraculous images reveal the old artist in all his heavy corporal decline, yet the abstract relationships are so fine, the marks so articulate and loaded with vitality that these drawings of a dying man become an affirmative, if useless, gesture in the face of mortality and provide the recompense that art can give under such circumstances, an irrational sense of joy. Even so death-haunted, and ingloriously exhibited askew, this present retrospective exhibition at the Guggenheim represents the triumph of Giacometti's indomitable creative spirit and is a cause for celebration.

Giacometti's influence is alive and flourishing in Greenwich Village. Down in the old Whitney Museum building on Eighth Street, now occupied by the New York Studio School, is an impressive exhibition of student drawings that bears witness to his continuing effect on contemporary ways of seeing. Dean Mercedes Matter's students are engaged in the serious matters of art, the study of form, space and geometry and their interdependent connections. This approach is significantly different from the abject bandwagon hopping and trotting after novelty that passes for art education in many American schools. These Studio School students

The Dictionary Tyrannosaur

Once
shaking the earth with his ten tons,

he loomed up twenty feet in air,
  defiantly prowling amid giant

ferns. Dangling forepaws,
grinding yards of teeth in a jaw as

big as a steam shovel's—loud,
  voracious,
he terrorized the late Cretaceous,

the hugest carnivore
ever was. But no more:

extinct now, penned
in ink to the page at the end

of the T's
in the Cenozoic he's

only an historical horror,
a maudlin, merely stamp-size roarer—

for whom, now, there's nothing next.
Sic semper tyrannosaurus rex.

ROBERT WALLACE

ROBERT WALLACE *has written three books of poems and is currently at work on a new collection.*

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measure their work by the highest achievements of contemporary art, and whatever their individual psychic bent or perception of reality may be, they are learning to investigate through drawing their relation to the world around them. In the rootless, open-ended state of contemporary art, Giacometti's way presents only one of several paths available. While young artists are once more paying attention to their visual surroundings some are depending on the ubiquitous modern-day, image-making contrivances of technology to connect with that domain. Giacometti's process offers the possibility of a hold on life through direct action and self-realization or, at least, a human rather than mechanical failure.

Kenneth Evett *is the chairman of the department of art at Cornell University.*

Fine Print

The First New York Book Fair

Doris Grumbach

Alternative publishing had its first major celebration two weeks ago when 266 small presses, magazines and numbers of individuals gathered at the New York Cultural Center to display their wares, to hear poets read their poetry, to meet each other and the press, to provide the rest of us with evidence of the astonishing vitality of small book and magazine publishing in this country.

Two hours after the fair opened (free) to the public, a long waiting line curled around the building. Upstairs on the three floors of exhibits it was so crowded that often it was impossible to get anywhere near the small tables. The crowd was young, there were at least as many women as men, there were many blacks.

Interesting examples of publishing by presses with well known names like City Lights Books, David Godine, and magazines like *Science and Society* and *Partisan Review* were side-by-side with lesser known, or even unknown (to me) and relatively new publications: *Pequod*, published twice a year from Forest Knolls, California; *Sojourner*, a poetry magazine published by a women's collective; and a multitude of others. If it is true, as critics claim, that poetry is in a serious decline in the US, there was no evidence of it at the fair.

I was struck by the amount of special-interest publishing. At least eight black presses had tables; there were a number of gay publishers represented, many feminist presses, radical ones of every political stripe, from socialist, *The Catholic Worker*, to China Books and Periodicals, which had a table full of publications and pamphlets on Vietnam, the Third World, as well as China. On that table they were selling handsome enameled pins that read: "Women Hold Up Half the Sky," cost—one dollar. Nudism had its table outside on the street, displaying the *Total Nude Handbook*. Those who manned the table, however, were fully clothed.

I came upon all kinds of intriguing new publishing ventures, such as The Fiction Collective, formed by a small group of serious fiction writers (Jonathan Baumbach, B. H. Friedman, Peter Spielberg among them, and the authors of its first books) who intend to publish, inexpensively, book-length works of fiction, and to keep them in print "for the life of the collective." A press called Mother's Hen (San Francisco) was displaying its recent *Poets and Writers in Folsom Prison*, one of their Gypsy Table Series, the purpose of which is "to eliminate the hold of publishers and editors on the process of deciding what poets are published . . . and to let you read the poet's version without any screening or rewriting by editors."

I spent some time looking through *Fifth*, which the Assembling Press of New York puts out. This is an annual that collects "otherwise unpublishable manuscripts . . . by imaginative minds." *First*, etc., Assemblings are still available. The 90 participants in *Fifth* have done their own selecting "without having to deal with any editorial restrictions whatsoever."

California (except for New York where it is expected to be) would appear from what I saw to be the center of a great deal of small-press and experimental publishing. I talked for a while to Paul Foreman, poet-publisher of The Headstone Press, who said he was making out quite well by getting in a car every now and then and driving around the country to do his own distribution. He showed me a copy of a book of poems by a street poet in Berkeley, Julia Vinograd, published by Thorp Springs Press in that city, of which he said the poet had sold 2000 copies (at one dollar) by herself in two months on Telegraph Avenue. The copy I saw was the third printing, contained one poem called "Street Politics" which ended, "If you make enough noise/people give you money to shut up." One smiles, but then is moved, by the dedication to art that involves writing and then hawking one's own poetry.

Two new tabloid papers were on display for the taking. *The New York Smith*—"Anything goes as long as it's good"—a paper without advertising full of lively prose, reportage, in fact every kind of writing you can think of in an infinite variety of print faces. And *More*, a monthly paper published in New York that aims "to wash the media's dirty linen," to investigate the investigators: "We attack sloppy, censored, insipid reportage wherever we find it."

Walking away from the exhibits up Central Park West, I thought about what I had seen. Does all that print represent any profit? Rarely, I think. This is dedicated, often short-lived publication, put out because of passionate interest in some subject (I have omitted such special interests, well represented at the fair, as sex, the occult, ecology, graphic arts, neighborhood-buying groups, great Christian mystics). Many of these publishers do their own printing, some of it comes out of work in communes whose major interest is publications and whose costs are very low because the life-style of the editors and printers does not require very much support. Some admit to very special interests; they are often imbued with a kind of apostolic zeal which drives them on to translate their way of life into print. None seem at all concerned about the profit motive. A few are distributed by larger companies, but on the whole this is not true.

What the fair primarily displayed was how widespread, varied and vital is alternative publishing. If it is, on the whole, the result of hard, selfless work by very young people, it also produces work that often does not have the weary, mass-produced, almost plastic and synthetic air of some of the poorer commercial publishing. But let us face the sad fact that it does not resemble commercial, "trade" publishing in two other important respects: it does not, on the whole, make money and in most cases, it does not endure.

Elsewhere in this issue, Calvin Bedient comments on the work of Mexico's lead-

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ing poet, Octavio Paz. I want to note here a beautiful book (New York Graphic Society; $17.50) on crafts of the world, **In Praise of Hands,** for which Paz has written an essay praising the handmade object, the beautiful everyday utensil made by craftsmen in textiles, glass, wood, metal, clay, etc. The photographs, which are first-rate, like almost everything that comes from this press, are of objects made in 54 countries in the last four years, and now being shown at an international crafts exhibition sponsored by the World Crafts Council in Toronto. But this book is not merely a catalogue; rather it is an eloquent demonstration, lovingly and carefully edited and printed, of how beautiful an object can be when it is made by the hand of an artist whose mark is upon every object he fashions, even the most commonplace.

Paragraphs on summer fiction from our incorrigible RB: Since ancient days men have believed in the mystique of distance and difference. So Walter Mason, the protagonist of **The Fugitive,** by Marion Montgomery (Harper & Row; $8.95), no less than many of his living contemporaries, leaves a university and musical career for Weaverton, Ga., a hamlet rich in soil, superstitions, family interlocks, and, surprising to the sophomoric Candide, pragmatic sense.

Mason settles in a large spread of acreage and earnestly participates in the lives and bucolic events of the small community. His experiences are unrolled at a slow pace and in prose that is rich slush. Montgomery, a university professor, has written three other works reminiscent in theme and style. His novel may bemuse readers interested in regional fiction, but it is doubtful whether the present offering will resurrect the meaningfulness of the simple life.

Warren Adler dutifully prefaces his novel (**Options,** Whitmore; $7.95) with a statement that all the characters are imaginary and the events fictional, albeit both bear patent resemblance to situations and persons in the contemporary arena. Unfortunately for the author, who is thoroughly knowledgeable regarding the Washington scene, reality upstages fiction. His book concerns itself with a popular senator's desperate immersion in the drowning of a weekend amorata. Scrappy details follow, depicting the ensuing panic, plotting and political cover-up with much verisimilitude to recent history. *Options* adds little to the reader's understanding of either the living or fictional senator's personality, motivations or public maneuvers. Adler would have been better advised in this, his first major work, to devote his talent to a documentary regarding the actual affair that obviously suggested the novel, rather than to trammel himself with a dummied melodrama.

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Public Enterprise

Sirs:

In "Beyond Antitrust" (*TNR*, July 6 & 13, 1974), Peter Barnes and Derek Shearer propose "public enterprise" to juice up competition. Experience shows that "public enterprise" is most often used to smother competition.

Back when the ICC was created, the general counsel for one of the railroads reassured his client that before long the ICC would be working for railroad interests. The ICC became the cover under which railroads established private noncompetitive rate structures, and by which Eastern railroads milked Western railroads of use of equipment. The FCC is supposed to protect the public. During the Vietnam war, the FCC was a cover used by the telecommunications industry to nullify Defense Department contracts for cheap lease of satellite channel communications to Vietnam. By using this cover, the carriers almost doubled the price to the Defense Department of the leased channels. In California lobbyists took anti-smog work away from the effective State Department of Public Health, where medical sanctions were making things tough for the auto industry, and gave emission control to the more tender mercies of a new Air Resources Board which was closer to the auto industry. TVA's original success was because it had a natura monopoly and some dedicated leaders The power industry has been building price-fixing formulas back into the TVA yardstick, so that the yardstick can now be used against the consumer. The old NRA did untold damage to the economy in setting up public sanctions for private price fixing.

Barnes and Shearer have an unreal view of what is "public." Except for unusual circumstances, public enterprise may be expected to be infiltrated early by the industry it is supposed to prod, and become a model or yardstick for the least efficient producer. The Federal Communications Commission has already set the stage for prices on low-cost transatlantic satellite channels at prices based on expensive undersea cable cost, for example. The use of the word "public" does not guarantee competition. Rather, it is an invitation to industry to escape from competition.

There are problems with enforcement of antitrust law, but the Justice Department prosecution of civil and criminal antitrust violations has broad effect on all industries under the Sherman Act. The *esprit de corps* of the Antitrust Divi-

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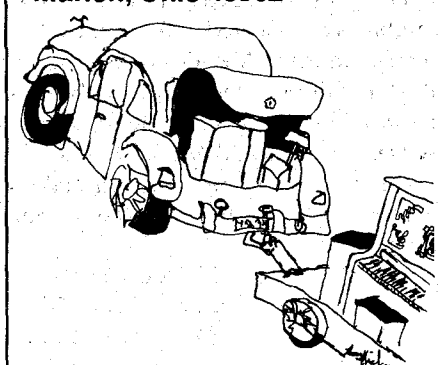

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sion of the Department of Justice has given strength to the economy for years. Attempts to cripple the Sherman Act have usually come under the guise of attempts to "improve" or (as in this case) to "juice up" the antitrust law.

Stephen I. Zetterberg
Claremont, Calif.

Kissinger Intelligence

Sirs:

As Mr. John Osborne could have discovered with a phone call before printing it in *The New Republic*, I have at no time been "saying around town that the *Post* was going to stay with and play up the Kissinger wiretap-plumbers affair and make it a second Watergate sensation" ("Kissinger's Threat," *TNR*, July 6 & 13, 1974). On the contrary, to the extent that I spend much time "saying things around town," I have been expressing the view that there is a sour, prosecutorial, blood-in-the-water mood in this city these days of which Secretary Kissinger may well be in some measure a victim quite unfairly. This view has been reflected in our editorials and in a couple of recent speeches I have made locally, in one of which I said that I was more impressed by the evidence in support of Kissinger than I was by the evidence cited against him. Finally, since I have nothing to do with the news side of the paper, I would have nothing to do with a decision to "play up" the Kissinger wiretap story. In fact, I have never heard of such a decision.

I recognize that, even so, in the present atmosphere, and given the overwrought state of the people around Dr. Kissinger, somebody might have misheard some piece of gossip and passed it along to the Secretary, and that he might have believed it to be true. This would validate Mr. Osborne's use of it—but it nonetheless distresses me that he would give currency to such nonsense. I would add the hope that, for his more important decision-making Secretary Kissinger has more reliable intelligence.

Philip L. Geyelin
Editorial Page Editor
The Washington Post

In reply:

Dr. Kissinger did hear "a piece of gossip" and believed it to be true.

John Osborne

From Phi Delta Kappa

Sirs:

Your editorial in the July 6 & 13 issue titled "Sex and the Schools" cited Phi Delta Kappa as one of a number of "single sex organizations on campus" that may suffer from recently enacted sex discrimination guidelines. That information is incorrect.

A constitutional change admitting women to Phi Delta Kappa was ratified by our 425 chapters on February 13, 1974. Since that date over 2300 women have been initiated into the organization, giving us a total of some 93,000 members in the US and Canada.

Robert W. Cole, Jr.
Assistant Editor
Phi Delta Kappan

On "Gulag Archipelago"

Sirs:

May a nonexpert in Soviet affairs offer some reservations to Joshua Rubenstein's review of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* (*TNR*, June 22, 1974)?

We are referred to "several historical judgments generally accepted in the West" which refute, it is claimed, Solzhenitsyn's "simplified view of history" and his "inadequate historical judgments." These refutations are that Lenin really did finally disapprove Stalin's manners and that Bukharin cared for his family and certain victims in the 1930s.

These offerings are beside the point, almost comically so. They certainly do not meet Solzhenitsyn's claim that the fault lay not in Stalin's "personality" and its "effects . . . on the country's political life" (Mr. Rubenstein's words), but in Soviet Marxist ideology. "Ideology—that is what gives evildoing its longsought justification and gives the evildoer the necessary steadfastness and determination. That is the social theory which helps to make his acts [Bukharin's?] seem good instead of bad in his own and other's eyes, so that he won't hear reproaches and curses but will receive praise and honors" (*G.A.*, paper edition, p. 174). Did Bukharin offer a "merciful alternative to Stalinism" as Mr. Rubenstein suggests? That at a certain point Bukharin sought mercy is not now doubted. That he was after a certain time opposed to *this* dictator is also true. These concessions, however, hardly refute Solzhenitsyn's statement that Bukharin did not offer a "genuine ideology of opposition" to dictatorship and terror as such.

Gulag Archipelago will have performed a great service in the West if it leads us to question "several historical judgments generally accepted in the West." Or do we have nothing to learn except the numbers of those murdered?

William E. Johnston, Jr.
Claremont, Calif.

Hitler Boom

Sirs:

Take away the interest in Hitler books and memorabilia (a phenomenon not exclusively confined to Germany, as your book list reveals), and Charles Lam Markmann's article ("The Hitler Boom," *TNR*, June 8, 1974) could have been written almost any time in the last quarter century.

Among the misleading points:

1) Reactionary "forces" were not responsible for the "ouster" of Willy Brandt. He quit, and one supposes the following factors were responsible: the Guillaume spy scandal, intraparty discord, the decline in electoral support for the SPD, and East German obstinacy toward improved relations with West Germany.

2) Like other quality German papers, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* has a point of view; but it is conservative and not "archreactionary."

3) The neo-Nazi NPD did not "take cover" in the Christian parties, which did, however, get most of the votes of the NPD's former supporters at the time of its decline.

4) The danger to democracy in Germany comes not so much from neo-nazism as from a possible polarization between the radical left and an authoritarian right oriented more toward the Second Reich than toward the Third.

As for the "Hitler boom," it can be explained partially in terms of the disorder endemic to modern society, and partially in terms of the fact that, for better or worse, the Third Reich increasingly is viewed in Germany as just one 12-year period in the history of the country—a perspective that has released a curiosity long stifled by the shock of war and defeat.

Glenn N. Schram
Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wis.

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Kauffmann, *from page 20*

vernacular the story of his professional life, including lots of revealing comments about stage *vs.* film acting. His narrative is from inside his skin, but since we know what he looks like and what his persona is, we can see how theater and film executives spotted him when he first appeared, what they discerned in him, why they used him as they did. And he substantiates in detail what was clear in his recent one-man show *Clarence Darrow:* that a clever and intricate craftsman lies beneath his surface, that the particular triumph of his art has been to seem artless. ("Don't let them see the wheels go around," says Fonda.)

Fonda is categorized here as Leading Actor. There are also interviews with Leading Actress (Rosalind Russell), Character Player (the late Agnes Moorehead), Screenwriter, Director and Composer; less predictable and at least equally interesting are interviews with Art Director, Set Director, Costume Designer, Special Visual Effects Man and others. All of them are shorter than the Fonda interview; none of them is dull. Among other things, the collection gives us a view of the Great Trek, how people of many professions got into pictures from all over the country—a hairstylist, for instance.

The shoptalk is what I find especially fascinating. For instance the late Perc Westmore, who speaks here for Makeup, says that on the third day of a Bogart film he noted a couple of tiny bald spots on the star's scalp. Over Bogart's protests Westmore at once began working on a full wig for him. Westmore had recognized a nervous condition that would, and did, make Bogart lose all his hair temporarily. (It was serious within three more days.) Westmore says the picture was *Casablanca,* but from the details—about a haircut that Bogart got from a Mexican barber in the film and what this meant for Westmore in progressive toupee-making—I think he must have meant *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre.*

There's also a long interview with Hal Roach, Sr., who entered films in 1912, as the Pioneer Movie Producer. Roach tells how he started Harold Lloyd (but not how he missed Chaplin) and how later he became chief cinematic adviser to Mussolini. It's now a forgotten episode, much discussed at the time, here partially clarified.

A breezy, easy, informative book.

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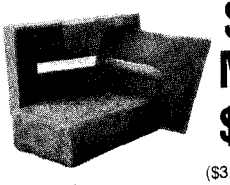

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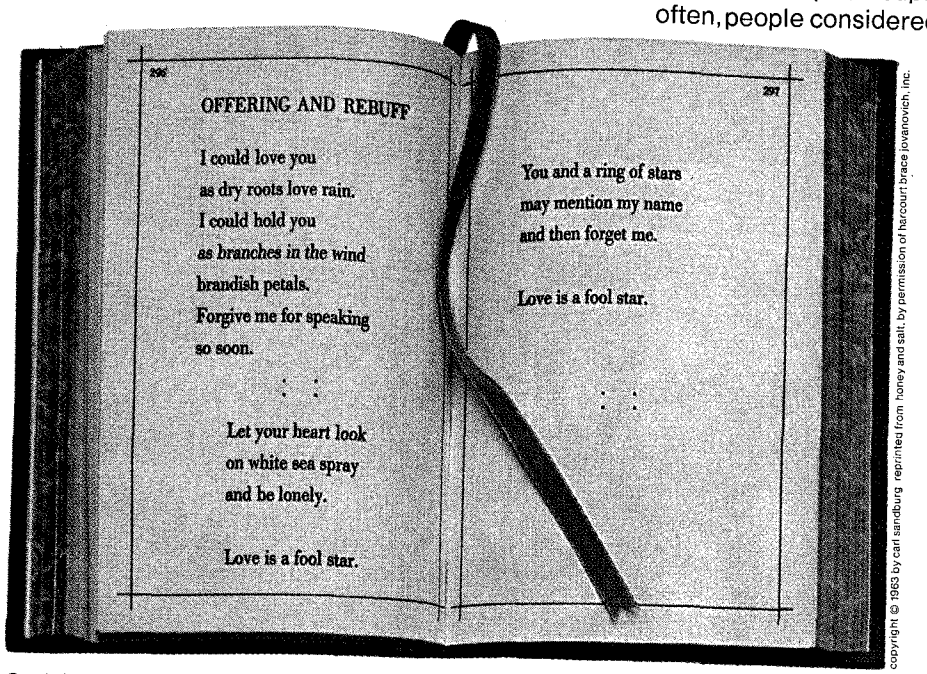
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Carl Sandburg, age 85, "Offering and Rebuff."

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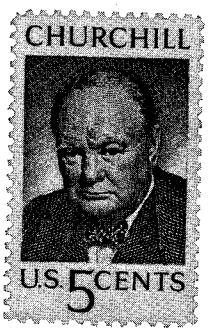

Winston Churchill, age 77, re-elected British Prime Minister.

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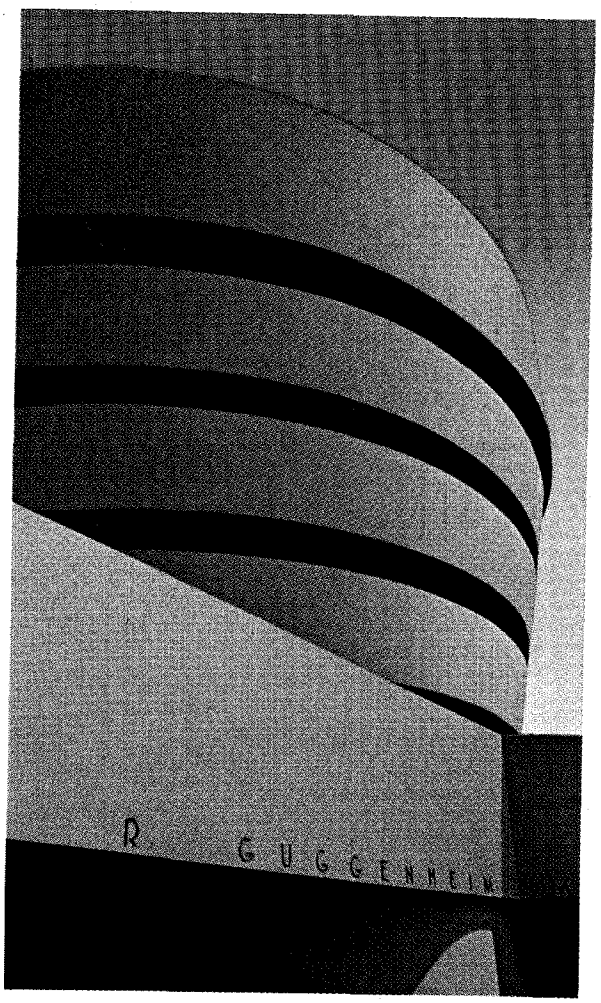
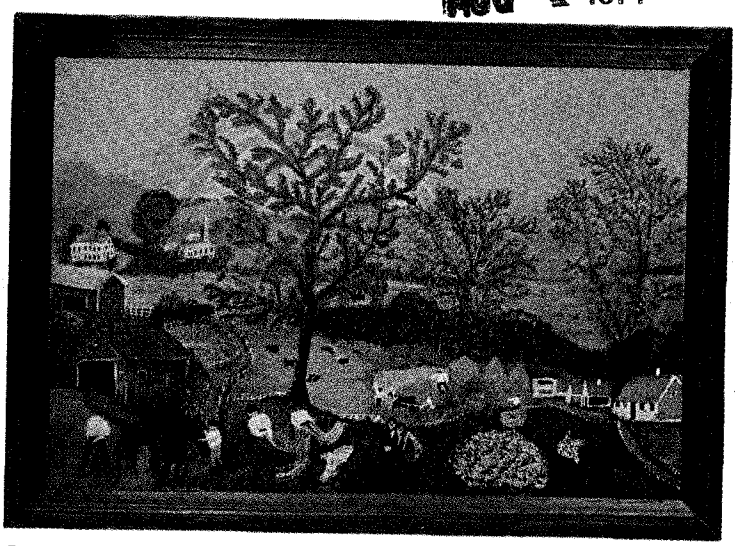


Frank Lloyd Wright, age 76, "Guggenheim Museum."



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